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[SEARCHING THE WILD WOOD.]

LURED AND LOST.

CHAPTER XVI.

Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew.

St. CLAIR never heeded her companion, who sat down on the grassy bank and wept for joy.

Richard was alive. Oh, gracious Heaven! Richard was alive!

Dare, as he dragged the ruined vehicle out of his horses' way leaped to his seat and tore up the road like a rushing wind. She did not know she was alone as long as she was realizing how imminent had been her lover's danger, and how he had escaped.

But when she began to remember that his siren-wife was saved also, and to question where they had so quickly vanished, a keen pang of scornful jealousy plared her bosom, and she cried, with bitter anger: "She has dragged him away that she might not be found by Anthony Dare! There is a guilty secret between them! She dreads exposure before her husband. Infamous woman!"

She looked around for the man to question him, and, with terror, found herself alone.

"He had deserted me," she thought, "or he has forgotten me in his pursuit of the fugitives. I must walk back to the village."

As she resolved thus she heard the rush and trampling of an approaching carriage, and in a few moments more Dare was drawing up his horses before her.

"Hallo! young lady, are you most ready to leave now?" said he, in his slow, deliberate way, approaching her with a dark smile.

She had only to glance at the fierce, glimmering eyes of the giant to learn that his pursuit had been unsuccessful.

"That woman is afraid of you," said St. Cloud,

rising to meet him. "Will you tell what cause she has for fear?"

"Hanged if I know!" quoth he, lazily, "or what business is it of yours if she is."

"She has stolen my lover from me," cried St. Cloud, in a white heat; "she is his wife!"

The man seemed to stop breathing for a moment, then a deep breath lifted his vast chest, but he said never a word.

He began to smile, but his face was white, and it was a smile that made her tremble.

"Tell me," cried she, vehemently, "tell me what sort of a woman is she who has beguiled Richard Hazard? What is her name? What is she to you? I wish to know, sir, instantly."

"Do you?" queried he. "By Heaven! so do I! When did she get married to what's-his-name?"

"Last July. It was my wedding-day," her lips grew white with agony; "but she enticed him away from me, and I never saw him again. She came alone and stood on the top of the tower and looked my lover's heart away from me, and she walked by the river brink with him all the long night. Oh! misery—it maddens me to recall it!"

"What was your lover's name?" demanded Anthony Dare, in deeper, hoarser accents.

"His true name was Gerald Tranter. He was betrothed to me ten years ago by our fathers. He chose to win me under an assumed name, because he dreaded seeming to force my inclinations."

"Rich?" queried Dare, looking darkly ahead.

"Yes. He has a princely fortune."

A loud, sneering laugh burst from him, and he glowered for some time longer into space.

She had unveiled the tragedy of her life to this man, to no purpose. He heard all and gave back nothing.

"Will you not help me to unveil that wicked woman and set Richard Hazard free from her wiles?"

cried she, looking up wildly into his magnificent and savage face.

"I ain't nobody's catspaw," snarled he, with an evil leer; "and I don't care a jot for the whole business. But if you're dead-set on seeing how fond they are of each other we can take a look in them bushes and we'll find 'em billing and cooing not far off."

He tied his horses, and in returning to her picked up the handkerchief which lay on the grass. St. Cloud had been eying it for the last ten minutes, and though dying to know what name was inscribed on the corner, such was her jealous contempt that she would not stoop to pick it up. Anthony Dare, however, was less scrupulous, and possessed himself of the filmy bit of lace, saying, sneeringly:

"What's Goldy-locks' name, I wonder? Oh! Victoria! the deuce! Wouldn't your own name do as well, you jade? Ha, ha! maybe not." And he put it in his pocket.

"What was her real name?" panted St. Cloud.

"Humph! you're listening, are you? Well, be sure you lose nothing," said he, shortly.

"I beg your pardon; but I've heard enough to assure me that you have known this woman, and—"

"The deuce you have?" snarled he, with an ill-tempered scowl. "Will you be good enough to meddle in my business when you're asked?" And he strode off into the forest path, which was near by, and would say no more.

They thoroughly searched the woods on both sides of the foot-path, and advanced along it for a considerable distance, but all to no purpose. At last Dare turned on his companion with a scowl of impatience.

"What's the sense in this?" he drawled. "Do you expect that female to let the likes of you find her? She'd beat Old Harry himself in dodges, and escape him as easy as wink, if he hadn't happened to stick a claw in her the day she was born. Hang me if I keep my cattle standing on the road another minute to please the Pope himself."

"Go when you please," retorted St. Cloud, with flashing eyes; "I mean to confront her to-night."



"All right!" said he, ironically. "You're just the girl to go knocking about the woods all night!" And off he marched.

St. Cloud went down the dim path alone, quaking at its terrible loneliness, but vowing not to stoop to entreat the company of a ruffian like Anthony Dare.

When she had gone a few minutes, an owl gave an unearthly screech close by, and she stood in an attitude of intense terror, with her eyes starting from their sockets. A jeering laugh from behind her advised her of the approach of the lion-tamer, and she ran back to him with positively a cry of relief, ruffian though he was.

"Eh, you're a brave one and no mistake!" gibed he, as the owl swooped overhead. "You'd turn every colour when a bird squeaked at you, and yet you'd want to face the very Jeshol himself! Blessed if I can make you out. Come on; we can drive back to the village and wait for 'em there. That's where they've gone, I'll lay you any money. We can't overtake 'em by following 'em through here on foot, but I fancy my make can easily beat 'em yet."

They hurried back side by side. St. Cloud presently stumbled with very weariness. His quick eye noted this, and a queer, soft voice it was in which he instantly said:

"I'll bet you feel as mistaken now. I say, what a plucky one you are! You ain't too proud to lean on me, are you? That's right; the true gentlefolks is always the least stuck up. Poor little hand I did my brutes worse off the strength out of it? George, the pluck in some women! What an idiot he was to fill you for 'other! Tell us all about how she hooked him, will you?"

St. Cloud winced, but obeyed. No one could withstand the lion-tamer in his amiable moods; few dared to withstand him in his fondish ones.

A more arrogantly dominating tyrant could scarcely be met than Anthony Dare, and yet every one said there was "something" fascinating about him. There was—a grand nature, imperfectly concealed by a fiendish recklessness.

He returned to St. Cloud's pouting recital of her wrongs with bursts of boisterous laughter and some unamused maledictions.

The end of the story brought them back to the road, and he lifted St. Cloud to her place. Then the petted lady of fashion and the half-bred lion-tamer hastened off together, both inspired by the resistless emotion—revenge.

Anthony Dare drove back for his van full of lions, attached to as before, and clattered noisily back.

Here they waited for an hour or more. St. Cloud in an agony of expectation, and Dare taking the round of the village every now and then to make sure that the eastward travellers had not arrived. So indefatigable was he that the villagers soon began to think that this was the celebrated lion-tamer's method of advertising his menagerie, and, late as it was, a goodly crowd collected in the courtyard of the inn to see the show, which when Anthony Dare perceived he flew into a rage.

He swore at them in blood-curdling language, asked them in stingingly sarcastic terms if they thought their beggarly village had enough money to pay him for his trouble; called for his bill, and paid it like a prince; swore he would go back and put up some fifteen miles in the opposite direction from Thretford, and peep in the landlady for the young lady instantaneously.

On came St. Cloud, trembling and reproachful, and began an appealing rebuke upon his heathenish behaviour, which he put an end to by picking her up in his arms and springing into his wagon with her.

Off he flew then, muttering anathemas against everybody, flogging his horses, though they were behaving like angels, and seeming as deaf as a post to all St. Cloud's tremulous interjections of fear and uneasiness.

But suddenly, just as causelessly as his rage had come on it went off.

He coaxed his steeds into a gay good humour and turned round in his seat to look at his pale girl companion with a resistless smile.

At that moment, with his terrible brow unheeded, his glorious eyes softened, his king-like features moulded into beauty's richest, blindest curves, Anthony Dare was fascinating.

"Let's see the hands," said he, in that beguiling, soft-tongued drawl of his, "poor little bits of lily leaves! They smart, don't they, eh, little miss?" raising them to his lips with the courtly grace of a gentleman. "I wonder how it is that some women are so different from others?"

Something in the slow, soft tone went to her heart. The heavenly compassion which lurks in every good woman's soul spoke for him, urgently.

She had intended to reproach him for his brutality, but she looked up in his face and burst into tears.

"Oh, Anthony Dare!" she breathed, in tremulous accents, "why—why are you so reckless?"

He eyed the rich, tender, noble face, and understood the innocent pity of the uplooking eyes.

A spasm contracted his strong brows and whitened his lips.

"Virginia did it," he muttered, then burst into a half-laugh, and placed his shadowing hat farther over his eyes. "You remind me somehow of my mother," said he, in a husky, harsh voice. "She was as good a woman as ever went to Heaven. Wonder how the old place looks now. Haven't seen the blessed face of it for five years. Do you know I've never seen my mother's grave, though they say I dug it for her?"

Then he brought down his whip with a cruel slash among his horses, and laughed derisively at his own egotistical wit.

"March for Thretford!" yelled he. "Go! I'm going to make my fortune in Thretford, hanged if I ain't! Cassibel, and Cain, and Anthony Dare, them three are the world! On with ye, my beauties! And perhaps Mrs. Gerald Travers will come to see the show, and will bring me a five-pound note to put my head in Cassibel's jaws. Well, but! Wouldn't she, though?"

"You must tell me what you know of this Thretford, or Virginia, as you have called her!" said St. Cloud, vehemently.

"Must I?" retorted Dare, chuckling himself as usual on the verge of an outbreak.

"Why should you shield the weak from just punishment?" persisted St. Cloud, earnestly. "You said it was she who had made you so reckless."

"Did I say that?" drawled he, leaning at her through half-closed eyelids. "Well, if I did," with a swifty snarl. "Your ears are a deuced sight finer than other people's."

"Tell me, tell me, Mr. Dare!"

"Come now, keep your nose out of that one. I've a heap more to pay off on some folks than you, if your young man had filled his doublet with you. I'll be even with her yet," grinding his words in unspeakable malignity, "and with you too if you ever find her and put her on her guard against Anthony Dare."

For answer she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the card upon which was written her false lover's address.

He glowered at her sourly, glanced at the card, and burst into a hoarse laugh.

"Richard Hazard, 27, Minto Square, Thretford," was the address.

"Well, little girl, what d'ye expect me to do, eh?" gibed he when his wrath had subsided.

She leaned toward him, her delicate face gleaming vengeance in the silvery light.

"I am hastening to that house to write for their return, that I may warn Richard Hazard of his frightful peril. I have been told by one who knows this woman's plottings to tell him to beware of his wife. Will you let her murder an unsuspecting man?"

Anthony Dare looked darkly down the monstrous road, and a cold, heartless answer was on his lips.

"I'm sure you needn't care what she does with him," said he, grimly, "nor what he does to her neither. Let 'em slide."

"I do care. I'll never cease to care for Richard Hazard," she cried, distractedly; "and if you are such a cruel, wicked demon that you would shield a would-be murderer I will do without your help."

"Hanged if I care what you do," drawled he, and drove on, musing and swooning, until two hours after-ward they entered Thretford.

Here the lion-tamer put her into a hack, and ordered the driver to take her to a quiet hotel which he named.

As St. Cloud sat down in the vehicle she peered timidly out at her charioteer, half-hoping that he would speak some parting word to her. He was gloomily staring at vacancy, seeming unconscious of her existence.

"Mr. Dare," she called, in the meekest tone.

He strode to the window, and his lustrous half-veiled pupils fastened on her weary little face for the last time.

"You've been so kind to me," murmured she, gratefully. "Won't you let me thank you?" And quivering at her own boldness she held out her purse to him.

He glowered at it wrathfully, and burst into a volley of imprecations.

"What d'ye take me for?" growled he, with frightful ferocity. "For a cab-driver?"

Appalled, she shrank back, murmuring apologies. "Don't—don't be so angry," she pleaded; "but indeed I had no claim upon your kindness, and—how

can you be so kind, and yet so—so—Oh!"—sobbing—"I'm sorry I should intrude."

"Bude, am I?" growled he, misapprehending what she said. "Yes, I dare say I am. But I ain't fond of rude people, and I call it uncommonly unmanly in a young lady like you to want to pay a chap for showing her a little attention. Come now, you needn't cry. I didn't hurt you."

"You did," said St. Cloud, petulantly. "I would rather get a blow than be sworn at."

He suddenly leaned in at the carriage window, and drew his brown, perfect hand slowly and daintily down her cheek.

"Blame the dear little soft body!" he murmured, in a voice all musical with admiration; "who but a half-brute like me would give you either cross words or a blow! Look here, little girl, tell me your name."

She looked up trustfully and forgot her wrongs. "St. Cloud, St. Cloud," she stopped with a moan of horror. "Oh, Anthony," she cried, weeping bitterly, "I don't know my own name. It used to be Trevanion; it should have been Travers, but they've married me to a false Gerald Travers, and I don't know who he is!"

"You married!" roared he, and burst into one of his hoarse, mocking laughs.

"Goodness," said she, sadly, "I'm too miserable to talk to you."

He took the little hand in his own strong clasp and pressed it against his lips.

"St. Cloud," muttered he, against her hand, "don't you put yourself in that woman's way. If you do, as sure as Heaven's above, you'll rue the day. There, that's my good-bye." He dropped her hand, stepped back, and gave her the moody Spanish face no more.

In the middle of the night she walked into the hotel, looked for her name as Mrs. Franklin, and betook her to her chamber, weary, heavy-hearted, and alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE first duty which St. Cloud attended to the next morning was that of her wardrobe.

Some of being recognized by the villainous impostor who had reached Thretford by the evening train should she appear in the streets in the travelling dress which they had seen her wear, she drove to an excellent establishment, purchased a complete new suit, took it back to the hotel, donned it and then walked forth.

It was yet early in the day when a lady, draped in quiet gray, with an imperious silvery veil thrown over her face, walked leisurely around Minto Square, looking up at the numbers.

The houses of this aristocratic quarter were very handsomely built of brick and faced with marble, pleasant verandahs ornamented the fronts, and gay crepe-draped the drawing-room windows, which were uniformly awathed in real lace.

A most respectable quarter was Minto Square, and inhabited by the "cream of the cream" of Thretford.

The corner grocer was in a most flourishing condition, and could well afford a life-sized Turk in blazing grandeur to stand upon his stone-checked doorstep, for were not all the aristocratic families in the neighbourhood his patrons?

There was also, enclosed by the Minto houses, a public garden dedicated to the deities of Minto Square, where children with their nurses, misses with their governesses, and old ladies with their "companions" and chawls, might be seen at any hour of the day.

The lady in gray walked past the most pretentious house in the square, No. 27, with lowered head, then turned and swiftly went back to the grocer's shop. She accosted the grocer's boy who was sweeping the steps, and in a sweet, and voice inquired:

"Can you tell me if there are any lodgings to be procured in this square?"

"Oh, yes, miss," with extra politeness, "there's a nice commodious lodging-house right over there, just the thing for a lady wanting to be quite private," with a sharp look at the silver veil.

"Thank you very much," murmured the lady, sweetly, and went away, evidently pleased at his civility.

Perhaps he would not have been as civil if she had been an ill-favoured old woman though.

St. Cloud found the lodgings quite suitable to her purpose; in fact, any room with a window in it which would overlook No. 27 would have suited her. Having secured her room, she stationed herself at the windows to watch for the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hazard.

She was soon rewarded by seeing a fly dash up to the house upon which her eyes were fixed.

A gentleman alighted, helped out a lady and they both went lightly up the marble steps and rang at the door-bell.

St. Cloud gazed at them from behind the curtain—gazed with both joy and misery in her eyes. "Oh, my love!" she moaned, wringing her hands; "do you know that I am so near? Friend! you dare to enter his house with him before my eyes!" The door was shut, the fly drove round the square, Richard Hazard and his wife had returned from their trip to the country.

Then St. Cloud flung herself upon the floor and yielded to the tempest that surged through her jealous bosom.

To see him alive and well was rapture, but to see him with his siren-wife, the mistress of his home, was unutterable frenzy.

"Oh, misery! misery! to realize so cruelly that she was no more his Saintie, nor he her Dick."

Perhaps he would coldly repudiate her right to interfere when she would come to tell him to "beware of his wife." Well, if he would not be warned by her who loved him so faithfully, she would fight for him whether he would or not, and save him from the dangers which had been laid for him.

Thus raved poor Saintie until in truth she was too worn out to weep longer, but was fain to sit, sick and dizzy, at her old station, which commanded a view of the house which she both loved and hated.

About noon a quiet and respectable old lady, leaning upon the arm of a youngish man, entered the square and walked quite round it, but so dim were her sorrow-stricken eyes that she did not recognize them until they were passing her window.

Then she drew back with a low cry of horror, for Aunt Becky and Cousin Corry were sauntering along so very slowly that she was sure they had discovered her.

But she was mistaken; they did not see her, being by far too much interested in one of the houses which lay on the other side of the square to look at anything else; being, in fact, intent on watching No. 27.

As she thought of these vultures thus circling around the home of her darling St. Cloud sat up again with glittering eyes and forgot all danger to herself.

Oh! if she could only save him from their conspiracy she would count the losing of her life a cheap sacrifice.

But who was this tripping down the shallow steps?

A bright, lustrous vision in clouds of silvery silk, with a scarlet ribbon on her golden hair, and a snow-white dîe; in her arms, from which fell a scarlet ribbon too.

So gay, so beautiful was Mrs. Hazard as thus she went forth to walk with her pet in the square-garden that the nursemaids turned to gaze at her, and the children followed after her in troops, and the misses forgot to read their novelettes.

So gay, so beautiful was Mrs. Hazard that St. Cloud turned stony-white with anger and with jealousy.

Down the gravel paths she went, among the flowers, with jaunty steps; back stole the vultures on their tracks, and talked together with heads drooping.

They entered the square-garden by the gate, which she had left unlocked.

Down the gravel paths tripped Mrs. Hazard, leading her dog by its silken leash, to the most sheltered part of the garden, where a mimic copse of locust trees made a partial shade from inquisitive windows, and the nursemaids turned their perambulators in the other direction, the children went back to their play, the misses took up their books.

The ill-omened pair bent their steps toward the copse of locust trees and disappeared from view.

There was an old-fashioned bamboo summer-house half-way down the walk under the trees, its sides were draped by ivy, and its door of twisted bamboocane was shut.

Mr. Crumble pushed open the door, satisfied himself that it was empty, and seemed by his gestures to invite Mrs. Hazard to enter.

She, slowly approaching them from the other end of the walk, shook her head and indicated by a glance the many windows which might witness so evident an assignation.

She passed then with her dog in her arms, and they turned and walked after her at one or two paces' distance; by the motion of her lips she talked, and it was not to the dog she carried.

St. Cloud rose, panting.

"Come what will," she hissed, "I will hear this kind's business with these impostors."

She flung on her bonnet and shawl, procured the garden key from her hostess, and entered the garden by a gate behind the locust trees.

When Mrs. Hazard and her visitors passed the summer-house on their way up the walk the door was shut and it was empty.

When they passed down the walk the door was still shut, but it was not empty.

St. Cloud sat behind the muffling leaves with the door held fast in her icy hand, and her eyes, the eyes of a desperate woman who fears not for herself but for her dearest and best, following each movement of the lustrous siren sailing by.

And now she could see consternation upon each of the three faces, and that, though Mrs. Hazard neither looked to the right hand nor to the left, she was deep in the recital of some dire misfortune.

"I tell you he must have seen me, for his peepers were as free to look at me as mine were to look at him. And if that's so, he'll blow the gaff on me and the whole job will knock under before it's paid its own expenses."

"You'll have to be up to him, my beauty," responded the old woman, in a hoarse whisper; "there's not a sicker piece than you among the whole lot of us to throw dust in the eyes of the pigs, when you like. Cut his throat if he bothers you!"

"Long Tom, I'll throw him over to you," said Mrs. Hazard, excitedly, "and I'll back you for what you like you'll trip him up sooner than—"

The rest of the sentence was lost on the listener as the distance widened between them; she must wait for their return.

What infamous language was this, which seemed so familiar to the lovely lips of Mrs. Hazard? From what scenes of degradation had she come to steal the heart and beguile the eyes of unsuspecting Richard?

Had St. Cloud fallen upon a gang of low thieves?

For his sake whose life perhaps depended upon her she must be patient and try to understand this ruffian vocabulary, in which the most frightful meanings were conveyed by sister sounds.

They had turned and were coming back, but the subject had changed.

If Anthony Dare had been the cause of their panic he had been disposed of.

"You've no call to grumble, Mother Mouser, for the game's as sure of knocking under time enough as you are of taking your own out of the plant. He don't thrive on so many flowers, and will be done for as soon as the little scrawl is sipped over to me."

"Is it made out yet, my kid?" asked Long Tom, with overwhelming interest.

"No; the duffer always puts it off," and a scowl passed over Mrs. Hazard's white brow; "he doesn't like getting ready for the death's head. The old 'un fly away with him, I've had him almost nailed two or three times, but he can't come to the sticking-point, he says, without splitting on himself to the swells that we bamboozled before."

"By George! that won't do for our present job," began Mother Mouser, and then cautious distance came between.

St. Cloud sat white as marble with her brows knitted in terrible thought.

Was it Richard who was to be done for as soon as he had written some document and given it to his murderous wife?

Back came the trio, Long Tom speaking this time.

"As sharp as my stick, confound her! What has she done but made her man, Judas Stainer, blow on us to the old 'un that we put him up to the dodge of marrying her! Howsomer, the old 'un takes care of his own, and she was so squelched to be hooked by me on the train that she jumped off and made cold meat of herself. Her abin-ra, of course, Mother Mouser and I take care of; the swag that your blade owes her for not marrying her comes our way too, as of course you know, Virginia. The rest of his fortune we'll divide share and share alike whenever he's tickly laid out. D'ye twig?"

"All right, Long Tom; consider it as safe as if it was in your pocket. Ha, ha! don't you fear but I'll cultivate the plant!"

"Well, mother, we'll have to wriggle about it soon, for—"

Again distance intervened, while St. Cloud laughed mockingly to herself.

"Oh, that I had taken a witness with me to listen to this," thought she.

The trio came to a stop under the trees, and withdrew farther into their shadow, as if to finish this conference the more secretly.

St. Cloud saw Mrs. Hazard take some money out of a jewelled purse, and count it, while her accomplices stood grinning beside her.

She handed a thick roll of paper money to Mother Mouser, who counted the notes after her suspiciously and then concealed them about her person with avaricious satisfaction; she handed another roll to Long Tom, who held them in his front teeth like a greedy dog, while he searched his pockets for a wallet.

Then they jabbered some time longer 'n their

horrid jargon, and then, with some mysterious signs, given and returned, the trio separated; and Mrs. Hazard was left alone.

She looked about stealthily after they were out of sight to assure herself that no one had remarked their departure, then she began slowly to follow them toward the distant gate which was nearest her own house.

But before she had led her dog quite out of the locust path, another thought seemed to strike her—perhaps she wished to revoke her plans without interruption from the husband whom thus she robbed and plotted against—certain it is that she quickly retraced her steps, stopped before the bamboo summer-house, pushed open the door, and took a step inside before she discovered that a woman stood face to face with her.

(To be continued.)

FOLK-LORE AND BEES.

Bees are credited with a perfect comprehension of all that men do and utter, and, as members themselves of the family they belong to, they must be treated in every way as human in their emotions. French children are taught that the inmates of the hive will come out and sting them for any bad language uttered within their hearing, and many of our readers have probably at some time of their lives, on seeing a crane-covered hive, learnt, on inquiry, that the bees were in mourning for some member of their owner's family. In Suffolk, when a death occurs in a house, they immediately inform the bees, ask them formally to the funeral, and fix crapes on their hives; otherwise it is believed they would die or desert.

And the same custom, for the same reason, prevails, with local modifications, not only in nearly every English county, but very widely over the Continent. In Normandy and Brittany may be seen, as in England, the crane-set hives; in Yorkshire some of the funeral bread, in Lincolnshire, some cake and sugar may be seen at the hive door; and we have read of a Devonshire nurse on her way to a funeral sending back a child to perform the duty she had herself forgotten of telling the bees.

The usual explanation of these customs and ideas is that they originated long ago with the death or flight of some bees, consequent on the neglect they incurred when the head that once tended them could do so no longer. Yet a wider survey of analogous facts leads to the explanation above suggested; for, not to dwell on the fact that in some places in England they are informed of wedding as well as of funerals, and their hives are decorated with favours as well as with crapes, the practice of giving information of deaths extends in some parts not only to other animals as well, but, in addition, to inanimate things.

In Lithuania, deaths are announced, not only to the bees, but to horses and cattle, by the rattling of a bunch of keys, and the same custom is reported from Dartford, in Kent. In the North Riding, not long since, a farmer gravely attributed the loss of a cow to his not having told it of his wife's death. In Cornwall, the indoor plants are often put into mourning as well as the hives, and at Rauen, in North Germany, not only are the bees informed of their master's death, but the trees also, by means of shaking them.

Near Speier, not only must the trees be moved, but the wine and vinegar must be shaken, if it is wished that they shall not turn bad. Near Wurtemberg, the vinegar must be shaken, the birdcage hung differently, the cattle tied up differently, and the beehive transposed. Near Aushach, the flowerpots must also be moved, and the wine-casks knocked three times; while at Gernsheim, not only must the wine in the cellar be shaken to prevent it turning sour, but the corn in the loft must be moved if the sown corn is to sprout.

But all these customs are too much alike to be unrelated, and too widely spread to have sprung up without some reason, by some mere caprice or coincidence, and it is difficult to suggest any other reason for them than that they go back to a time when not only bees and cattle, but trees and flowers, vinegar and wine, were, like human beings, considered liable to take offence, and their spirits accordingly to be pacified by kind treatment, since, according as their several temperaments predisposed them, they were able, by deserting, dying, turning sour, or other untoward conduct, to resent neglect or disrespect on the part of their owners.

G. W. B. T.

THE CROWN.

THE following description of the Imperial State Crown has been furnished by Professor Tennant, mineralogist to the Queen:—

The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year

1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap, with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39oz. 6dwts. troy.

The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 112 pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled) purchased for the crown by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size and 6 other sapphires (three on each side), between them are 8 emeralds.

Above and below the 7 sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the 8 emeralds 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are 16 trefoil ornaments, containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are 8 sapphires, surmounted by 8 diamonds, between which are 8 festoons consisting of 148 diamonds.

In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the Battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V., at the Battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds.

Three other Maltese crosses, forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively 132, 124 and 190 brilliant diamonds. Between the 4 Maltese crosses are 4 ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with 4 rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively 85, 86 and 87 rose diamonds.

From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 738 rose, table and brilliant diamonds; 31 pearls form the acorns, set in cups containing 54 rose diamonds and 1 table diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is 108 brilliant, 116 table and 559 rose diamonds.

From the upper part of the arches are suspended 4 large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants, and in the upper 244 brilliants, the zone and are being composed of 33 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by 4 large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants.

Summary of jewels comprised in the crown:—1, large ruby irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls.

An ingenious method of protecting valuable earrings when travelling has come into fashion across the Atlantic. Ladies buy little balls of Roman gold which open with clasp and hinges, and effectually enclose and conceal the precious stones.

DISCOVERY OF THE WALLS AND FOUNDATION OF A ROMAN VILLA.—An interesting discovery has lately been made at the village of Wellen, near Trèves, where, at no considerable depth below the surface, the walls and foundations of a Roman villa have been brought to light. The character of the architecture and of the internal decoration, as well as the nature of the coins, rings, and other objects discovered in the immediate neighbourhood, would seem to show that the building belonged to the third or fourth century.

THE DRY SEASON OF BRAZIL.—As an illustration of the extreme dryness of the soil during the dry season in Brazil, it is stated that in June all the vegetation ceases, the seeds being then ripe, or nearly so. In July the leaves begin to turn yellow and fall off; in August an extent of many thousands of square leagues presents the aspect of a European winter, but without snow, the trees being completely stripped of their leaves; the plants that have grown in abundance in the wilderness drying up, and serving as a kind of hay for the sustenance of numerous heads of cattle. This is the period most favourable for the preparation of the coffee that grows upon the mountains. The beans are picked and laid on the ground, which gives forth no moisture, but on the contrary absorbs it, and being surrounded by an atmosphere possessing the same desiccating properties, the coffee dries rapidly without moulding.

In Mr. Evelyn Ashley's entertaining "Life of Lord

Palmerston" just published, he says "Lord Palmerston held it as an article of faith that a man ought to have four hours a day in the open air in order to be in perfect health. He insisted on always having eight hours' sleep, and was able to get it. It was his rule to take daily exercise on horseback. He persevered in his partridge shooting long after his eyesight was too bad to permit a correct aim. He rode down to Harrow and back in a heavy rain and before a heavy evening's work, timing himself to do the twelve miles within the hour. He had suffered great injuries from Lord R., who, to speak plainly, had treated him abominably on one occasion; but though sharp and caustic of speech, his mind did not know how to retain a sense of injury. On one occasion he had decided to name a certain clergyman to a vacant bishopric. A day or two afterwards he wrote to Shaftesbury to say that since he had made up his mind for Dr. — he had received a letter from Lord R., with a request that a friend of his might be appointed to the see. 'If,' he continued, 'R.'s man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know R. once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show him that I have quite forgotten it.'"

THE ABSENT SUMMER.

Under the pearly snow-fields lie

The gathering germs of spring-time coming;

Though bare the trees and dull the sky,

And loud and hoarse the North wind's humming,

Still in the ground kind nature weaves

Next summer's waving grass and leaves.

Our outward sight cannot behold

The working of her great processes,

Yet well we know that 'neath the cold

Earth's breast the golden grain, that blesses

The farmer and the grateful land,

Lies waiting Summer's sweet command.

When once again the fields shall glow

With blossomed maize, and harvests render,

With all the power they can bestow,

Their richest and their ripest splendour,

And filled with nature's stores shall be

The husbandman's vast granary.

What though the winter days are bleak

And deepening snow lies in the valleys,

They cannot joy or promise break,

Nor offer us a bitter chalice,

If, as they steadily depart,

Love's summer reigns within the heart.

If sunshine always crowned the sky,

If clouds above should never gather,

If round about us e'er should lie

Unbroken, naught but fairest weather,

The brightness soon would cease to be

A beauty we'd rejoice to see.

Hence Nature in her wise design

Lets summer rest till, like a lover,

With purposes of life divine,

She comes when wintry storms are over.

Sweeter and lovelier than if she

Had 'bided with us constantly.

C. D.

SPEAKING of the decay of seamanship reminds us of the disastrous collision off Dover. To all appearance the master of the German steamer was driving a load full up in a crowded water-way with scarcely any one on deck, and certainly with no efficient lookout. When he had done his worst to the English steamer he either did not know what to do or did not care to try to do anything. He left the sinking steamer and made for the shore, in spite of the remonstrances of a few men from the wretched ship who had clambered on board, and were frantically trying to launch the German steamer's boats. Coming so soon after the stranding of the "Deutschland" on the Kentish Knock, this example of lubberly seamanship would seem to indicate that our German neighbours may be possessed of a navy, but they will not be the redoubtable people they are on shore unless they manage their fighting ships with much more skill than they evince in handling the ships of their mercantile marine.

SEAL FLESH.—Dr. A. Horner, surgeon in the "Pandora," speaking of the Greenland Esquimaux, says: "From the length of time these people have inhabited this cold country, one naturally expects them to have found some particular food, well adapted by its nutritious and heat-giving properties, to supply all the wants of such a rigorous climate; and such is found to be the case, for there is no food more delicious to the taste of the Esquimaux than the flesh

of the seal, and especially that of the common seal (*phoca vitulina*). But it is not only the human inhabitants who find it has such excellent qualities, but all the larger carnivora that are able to prey on seals. Seal's meat is so unlike the flesh to which we Europeans are accustomed that it is not surprising that we should have some difficulty at first in making up our minds to taste it; but when once that difficulty is overcome, everyone praises its flavour, tenderness, digestibility, juiciness, and its decidedly warming after effects. Its colour is almost black, from the large amount of venous blood it contains, except in very young seals, and is therefore very singular-looking, and not inviting, while its flavour is unlike anything else, and cannot be described except by saying "delicious." To suit European palates, there are certain precautions to be taken before it is cooked. It has to be cut in thin slices, carefully removing any fat or blubber, and then soaked in salt water for from twelve to twenty-four hours to remove the blood, which gives it a slightly fishy flavour. The blubber has such a strong taste that it requires an arctic winter's appetite to find out how good it is. That of the bearded seal (*phoca barbata*) is most relished by epicures. The daintiest morsel of a seal is the liver, which requires no soaking, but may be eaten as soon as the animal is killed. The heart is good eating, while the sweetbread and kidneys are not to be despised. The usual mode of cooking seals' meat is to stew it, with a few pieces of fat bacon, when an excellent rich gravy is formed, or it may be fried with a few pieces of pork.

A HARDENED HEART.

There has been a great deal written about broken hearts, and poets have made them objects of peculiar sympathy; but whoever yet spoke tenderly of a hardened heart? Yet it is something to be much more earnestly pitied.

I don't mean a heart that is stony and cruel in the first place, but one soft and tender and loving when it began to trust; one that took in all humanity and believed in love and honour and truth and faith and gratitude; and that, as the years rolled by, has slowly ossified because of faithless love, and broken friendship—the serpents warmed in the bosom only to sting at last—the objects of charity that have proved miserable humbugs; the trust that has been reposed in those who have utterly betrayed it.

When, at last, not tearfully but bitterly, and out of hard experience, any poor soul stands armed against all the world, laughs at love, shrugs the shoulder at friendship, shakes his head at the pitiful story, trusts no one out of his sight; then, don't set him down as a coldblooded creature until you know how all this came about.

For if you ask you may find that the heart that, according to the poets should have broke, has hardened instead, and that it is, after all, pretty much the same thing as far as suffering goes during the process. M. E. D.

A RECENT degree of the Milkalo gives complete freedom of postage to journalists, each of whom is now allowed to send whatever communication he may think fit from one part of the empire to the other, free of expense.

An important work on the decipherment of the Hieratic writing of Central America, by M. Léon de Rosny, is on the eve of appearing; it is accompanied by a large number of plates in folio. The French American Society has had a fount of characters specially cast for this work, so that every facility may be given to scholars of studying these curious writings.

PORT YOUR HELM.—It appears that we are still at cross purposes with foreign nations in regard to nautical terms. Our French friends recognize in the words "babord" and "tribord" the English for "port" and "starboard," but as soon as it comes to manœuvring a ship their sailors, it seems, understand by "porting the helm" just the very reverse of what ours do. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that collisions between British and foreign vessels are rife upon the high seas, and that the disasters we have heard of recently should occur from time to time. One would think it was a matter after all easily settled which course a vessel is to steer on approaching another, and that the rule of the road at sea was not more difficult than on land, and yet we are told the other day in the House of Commons that nothing had yet been done towards settling definitely what "porting the helm" meant in French. The President of the Board of Trade has assured us that there has been a committee sitting on the subject for some time, but he did not like to take upon himself the responsibility of saying when they would make their report on the matter.



[CASPAR URGING HIS SUIT.]

MYSTERY OF THE MILL.

CHAPTER IV.

PAULINE had turned just sufficiently to see that it was Caspar who approached, when he threw his arm around her and kissed her upon the cheek.

With a quick, sharp cry she broke from him, and retreated to a corner of the room, whither he followed her.

"Come, come, pretty one; don't be so shy. It is time you had a sweetheart."

And he put his arms out toward her again.

"Keep away!" the girl cried, her face flushed and her golden eyes flashing fire. "Caspar, keep away from me, or I shall hurt you."

But he did not heed.

"By Saint Michael, sweet one, I must have another kiss."

Pauline had raised a large earthen bowl which she held in her hand, and would surely have struck Caspar full and furiously in the face, had not Jacob and Fenella at that moment interfered. The house-keeper knew well—far better than the others—the spirit that was in that girl. She saw the raised bowl, and she saw the fire that flamed in Pauline's eyes, and she knew, if the blow fell, Caspar's face would be disfigured for life. With a quick movement she darted between the two, and caught the uplifted arm and, at the same time, old Jacob, fiercely and authoritatively, called out from his corner:

"Caspar! Come away, come here to me."

The younger man hesitated until he could comprehend the situation, and then, with an oath, he turned upon his heel and walked to the fireplace; and shortly afterwards both father and son went out of doors.

"Don't worry, my child," said Fenella, tenderly laying her hand upon Pauline's shoulder. The girl had sat down and was crying. "It is nothing. If Caspar had not been drinking he would not have done such a thing. Dry your eyes, and think no more about it."

"Fenella," said the maiden, looking up through her tears, "you know about the laws of this land. Tell me if Jacob Mardner has all the authority of a father over me?"

"Merely! child, what makes you ask that?"

"Answer me, Fenella. Is it so?"

"Why, of course it is, and for that reason you should be very careful not to offend him."

"And what authority has a father in Baden?" pursued Pauline, wiping her eyes.

"Dear child, how you talk! Do you not know that in all countries—in all that I ever heard of, at least—the father's will is absolute so far as his children of nonage are concerned? Jacob could send you to a convent to-morrow, if he chose. But," the woman added, with a vain attempt to call a smile to her face, "he couldn't force you to take the veil."

"And," said Pauline, with an effort, "he could force me to marry whom he pleased?"

"Why, of course he could. That is the law. Or it is the law of custom, and there is no published law against it. But Pauline, what has put such things into your head? Goodness, mercy! You don't think Jacob is in a hurry to see you married, do you?"

But the girl did not answer. She arose and lighted her candle, and went up to her chamber, where she sat down by the window that looked up toward the mountains.

There was an undefinable dread clinging about Pauline's heart, and it had been there, by spells, for a long time.

She called to mind the day, six years ago, when the miller had confessed that he was not her father, and that she was but very distantly related to him. Why had he told her that? If he had had no ulterior end in view, it would have been for his interest to have kept the secret to himself, since she was well assured that under no circumstances would he have permitted her to go away from him.

Once she had received a very flattering offer from a wealthy widow, of Offenber, to come and live with her; and the consternation with which Jacob had met the prospect of her leaving his roof had not been assumed. No—he had no thought of ever turning her from his door. He had not disclaimed his paternity in view of the possibility of such a thing.

What then? Why had he done it? Why, when it was for his interest to retain every hold upon her obedience he could command, had he voluntarily surrendered this strongest of all? Many, many times had this question arisen in her mind, and to-night it came with new force.

For a year or more, she had observed things which served to startle her, and make her afraid. It was impressed upon her that Jacob meant she should marry with his son! He had meant it six years before

when he had voluntarily removed the seeming barrier to such a union; and he had held it in mind ever since.

Arrived at this point in her meditations Pauline started up from her chair, and paced up and down the room until the exercise had somewhat calmed her. Never before had such thoughts of Caspar filled her with such utter loathing. Since she had seen and conversed with Paul Duval she could realize, more fully than before, how far, how very far below the standard of true manhood Caspar's brutish propensities placed him.

Thoughts of Paul Duval! Ah! they came with the balm of relief.

She sat down again and called to mind the events of the afternoon, and ere long she was building castles in the air. They had no particular form, nor were they even clearly outlined; but they were castles, nevertheless, and it was very soothing to build them.

Had it not been for the events of the evening, and the shock she had received therefrom, the chief of her airy structures might not have found form so soon, but she was led now to look deeply into her own heart, and to grasp at every possibility of good within her reach.

And hence arose the hope in her mind—if so vague and airy a thing could be called a hope—that Paul might come in between her and Caspar Mardner. Oh! how gladly would she flee to Paul's protection should he offer it!

It was at this point that Pauline started with the thought which had not been clearly present with her before. She pressed her hands over her heart, and looked up at the stars that twinkled above the mountains-tops. She sat thus a long, long time, and then, with her clasped hands raised before her, and still gazing up towards the stars, as though the brightness she invoked were there, she murmured:

"Oh, Paul! Paul! has Heaven sent you to bless me!"

And so the story was told. She knew that she loved Paul Duval—that her heart had gone out to him beyond her power to bring it back,—and the knowledge gave her new life.

She had met him but once, and had known him but for a few short hours; yet the mystic impress had been made, and no power of earth might efface it. The darts of the erotic archer, when surely aimed, like the darts of the dark Lethean, strike home at once, and the matter requires no calculated solution.

And then, when Pauline thought to reason, she told herself that the handsome artist was worthy of all honour and confidence. She was not afraid to trust her strong impressions. At all events—and so her reflections for the time concluded—as compared with Caspar Murderer, Paul Duval was as an angel of light.

At this point the maiden looked for a bright star that had before fixed her attention, and was surprised to find that it has risen beyond the reach of her vision. Ay, her candle, which had been new when she lighted it, had burned low down towards its socket. It was certainly past midnight, and yet she had not noticed the striking of the old clock in the kitchen. She had arisen, and was gathering up her flowing tresses in a net, when she heard a sound, not far away, as of a heavy body falling.

She thought first of Fenella. She knew that the woman was often restless in her sleep, and she might have fallen out of bed.

Taking her candle, and opening her door without noise, Pauline went to the housekeeper's room, where she found the woman, wild-eyed and distraught, standing in the middle of the floor.

"Fenella, what is it? Move you—"
"Hush! hush!" interrupted the housekeeper, in a hoarse whisper. "Hush! Do you not hear that noise?"

Pauline listened, and presently heard a sound, as of the creaking of rusty hinges, apparently proceeding from that part of the dwelling overlooking the mill.

"I hear it," she said, in a whisper.
"It is from the hidden chamber!" whispered Fenella. "I have heard other sounds."

"Let us go now and listen," proposed the girl.

The housekeeper at first shrunk back in terror, and her terror served to make Pauline more bold.

"There can be no danger, Fenella. The mysterious chamber is solidly walled up on this side, as we very well know; and as for ghosts and hobgoblins, I do not believe it. If Jacob says it is haunted, he has some end of his own to answer. Come—I will lead the way."

After a little father hesitation, and, in a measure, under the influence of the girl's courage, Fenella's curiosity overcame her fears, and having thrown a mantle over her shoulders, she said she would go. And, with the candle set upon the floor of the hall, the pair crept noiselessly towards the hidden chamber.

CHAPTER V.

PAULINE could not tell when she had first discovered that there was a chamber walled up and hidden in the old stone house. She remembered that away back in her childhood she had been frightened one night, when she had arisen from her bed to go down and let in her favourite cat, by hearing strange noises in that corner, behind the seemingly solid wall. She had told Fenella about it, and Fenella had laughed at her, and told her it was her own imagination. When she next heard the noises at night—they were never heard in the daytime—she spoke again to Fenella, and was answered that she probably heard bats flying against the outer walls. But as she grew older, and heard the strange noises again and again, she was not to be put off with such flimsy evasions. She examined for herself, outside and in, and discovered that in the corner of the house, overlooking the mill, on the second floor, and nearest the crest of the waterfall, there was a space not used—a space certainly walled up. Further examination, persistently and critically pursued, revealed to her the fact that a doorway opening out from that part of the upper hall, had been filled up with stone and cement since the original walls had been built. She could follow the line of connection despite the thick coatings of lime, and the newly filled space was just the size of the hall doorway. This she had told to Fenella, and the housekeeper had then said to her:

"You have discovered the secret, my child, as I supposed you would in time, and I will tell you all I know. If I have tried to deceive you heretofore, it has been for your own good. I did not want you to have a mystery on your mind to worry about—for a mystery it must be to the end. When I first spoke to Jacob about that place he laughed at me as I laughed at you; but finally he said he would tell me the truth. He said there was a little closetlike chamber there in which a murder had been committed, and it had been asserted by former occupants that the spirit of the murdered man sometimes revisited the

scene. He had no faith in the ghostly story, and yet he did not care to use the blood-stained apartment; so, when he had bought the place, he caused that chamber to be solidly walled up. And so it has remained. If the ghost of the murdered man ever does come back it certainly does not molest anybody. But Jacob does not believe it. More likely that bats have found their way under the old tiles, or that the great rats from the mill have worked a path to the dark hole."

Fenella had spoken thus two years previous to the present time; but since then new events had transpired to create distrust and suspicion, and Fenella was as far from comprehending the mystery as was Pauline. She had spoken once more to Jacob on the subject, but he had been so angry on that occasion that she had not ventured to allude to it again.

That had been almost a year ago. During eleven full months not a sound had been heard from the hidden chamber, and Fenella had begun to think that her imagination had played her false, when, on this summer night now passing away, she had heard the strange noises louder and more distinctly than ever before; and in her fright Pauline had found her.

And now, for the first time in all these years, the two women of the miller's household had joined hands in the investigation of a mystery which had given them both much trouble, and hitherto they were to work together.

With noiseless steps they crept along the hall to the extreme end, where there was a window looking down upon the mill. To the left was a narrow passage running between the rear wall of the house and a closet in which wash-basins were stored. On a line with the back of the closet this passage terminated against solid masonry, and yet it was plain to be seen that there must be some room beyond—a room not much larger than the adjacent closet. And this was the chamber which had been walled up; and the new wall had been built at the end of this narrow passage. Here the women moved with the utmost caution, for the sleeping-room of Jacob Murderer was directly below.

They reached the wall, and placed their ears against the stones, but they heard nothing. As Pauline moved back a pace, however, she distinctly heard a sound beyond, and it seemed to come from above. She looked up, and where the frame that supported the tiles of the roof rested upon the sloping wall, she saw a long line of light. She gazed and reflected, and soon arrived at a solution of the strange pencilling of light. There was a chink between the top of the partition wall and the rafter that supported the tile ribs, and through that chink came the rays of a lighted lamp or candle! She pulled her companion back, and pointed out what she had discovered.

When they were so far composed that they could again listen they heard a sound like the clinking of metal, and they heard the mutterings of a voice which sounded wonderfully like Jacob Murderer's. By-and-bye they heard a dull thud, like the closing of a door, or the shutting of a chest-cover, and shortly afterwards there was a grating, grinding sound, like the moving of one stone upon another, and in a moment more the light disappeared.

As silently as they had come the women retraced their steps, picking up the candle on their way, and both entered Fenella's room, where they stood for a time regarding each other in dead silence. Pauline was the first to speak.

"Fenella," she said, in a whisper, "we have solved the ghostly part of the mystery. Jacob Murderer had that place walled up for his own secret use."

"Ay, so I believe."

"What does he do there?"

"Ah, Pauline, that is more than I can tell—more than I can even imagine."

"We know this," pursued the girl—"Jacob's own room is directly beneath that hidden chamber, and between the two places there must be a secret passage somewhere. He has a secret; and it must be an important one, if he has held it all these long years and has taken such remarkable precautions to hide it. Have you never suspected this?"

"Never, Pauline; and I am sure say this with the more confidence of your belief, because if I had suspected such a thing I should not have told you."

"But," said our heroine, laying her hand upon the housekeeper's arm, and speaking with earnest, prayerful entreaty, "you will keep nothing from me hereafter, and I will keep nothing from you?"

"It shall be so, my child. I promise you. And now let us seek our beds. I cannot talk more to-night.

I must think. But, Pauline, above all things, let not Jacob Murderer find occasion, from look or word, to mistrust our knowledge."

"I understand perfectly, Fenella, and will be very guarded."

"And be careful how you speak to me, even when you think no one is near."

"Yes."

"And now, good-night. Step very softly, and make no noise in getting into bed."

Pauline slept but little that night, and she thought but little clearly. Her thinking faculties were active enough, but they were so hampered that her brain worked ineffectually. When she slept her dreams were mostly wild and fantastic.

Once she dreamed that Jacob Murderer and Caspar came and dragged her away into a deep wood, where they were going to kill her.

While they were Jacob and Caspar and then they merged into a double-headed dragon.

She was vainly trying to call for help, when a knight in golden armour came to her rescue. She had just time to recognize in her champion Paul Duval, when she awoke, and found the daylight shining into her room.

She arose and dressed herself, and when she descended to the kitchen she found Fenella badly at work.

Not a word was spoken of the events of the night, nor did they show by a look, when the men came in to breakfast, that anything unusual had happened.

Towards the middle of the forenoon, when Pauline had done all she could do towards helping Fenella in the house, she took her sewing and went out into the garden, and sat down upon a wooden bench beneath the lilac tree.

She was thus sitting and sewing when Jacob Murderer approached, and, drawing up an old stool, seated himself directly before her. He bowed and smiled like a man in good humour, though the restless look of the man, purple eyes balled the smile.

"Well, my little one. Ha, ha, ha!—I believe if you should grow to be a very giantess I should still call you my little one."

With which piece of pleasantry he laughed again.

"But then you are so like my own child that I may properly call you by any endearing name. In fact, you are my own child, save in the mere accident of birth; and that accident was surely a blessing for us all, though we do not know it at the time."

What was the man driving at? Something of more than common moment was on his mind, Pauline knew full well. Perhaps he had come to excuse Caspar's unbecoming conduct of the previous evening.

"You cannot remember when you came to me, Pauline—of course not, for you were but an infant then. It seemed hard and cruel when your parents were taken away so suddenly and unexpectedly; but perhaps we can see now that it was all for the best. They were very poor, and your life would have been a hard one had you been brought up among the coal-burners of the Black Forest. Yes, I think you will acknowledge that it was all for the best."

Jacob paused, as though he would give his ward an opportunity to reply, but she did not speak, and after a little thought he went on:

"But, my child, you are not the only one that's been benefited. Your companionship has been a pleasure and comfort to me; your bright face, with its beautiful smiles, has been like another sun, giving off its radiance when nature's orb has been darkly obscured by storm and tempest. Yes, yes, Pauline, you have been a great comfort to me."

She had never heard him speak so eloquently before, nor so softly; nor had she ever heard him speak so many consecutive sentences. She might have hoped that his heart was really softening, but she understood his character too thoroughly; but she knew that he had not sought her to say these fine things. They cost him an effort, and the larid, fiftal glare of his purple eyes was not responsive to the sentiment his lips would affect.

The girl sat, with her hands folded upon her lap, gazing down upon the ground, and as she still remained silent Jacob proceeded:

"Not only to me have you afforded comfort, little one, but to others, as well. What would Fenella have done without you? Though she is strongly attached to me, and in a measure bound to me, I think she would not have remained all these years in this forest but for you. She was terribly homesick and lonesome when she first came here; but as you grew up she came to love you and to be happier."

"And, Pauline, there is one other whom you have benefited. I don't know what would have become of Caspar but for your sweet, saving influence."

At this bold, unblushing falsehood Pauline started

and looked up; but she could not catch Jacob's eye, and he hurried on, evidently very near to the subject he had at heart.

"And now, Pauline, I have something to say to you which has been on my mind for years. It is the one darling object of my life, which I wish to see accomplished before I die."

At the thought of dying the old man cringed and shuddered.

The maiden before him had grown very pale, and sat with wide open eyes and tightly closed lips.

"I have not spoken of this before," continued Jacob, "because I did not deem that there was need, and because old stories are apt to lose their interest, but you may be sure it has been held very close to my heart. You have been a good and faithful girl, and you shall not go without your reward. During my long life I have managed to scrape together quite a property—more, perhaps, than you would believe—and I mean that you shall share it. Of course, when I am gone, Caspar will have the mill, and I shall leave him gold besides—and, my little one, you shall be Caspar's wife."

The truth was out, and it was what she had vaguely expected, and yet it came upon her with a stunning blow.

"I—I—Caspar's wife!" she gasped, shrinking back in terror, and putting up her hands as though to shut out the fatal words.

"Yes, Pauline, you shall be Caspar's wife. You did not expect it, did you?"

"Indeed, I did not."

"Well, it is all arranged. When I am dead and gone you shall not be turned out homeless upon the world; and of course you could not properly live with Caspar except as his wife. He loves you—has loved you alone for a long, long time—and I do not object to the match. In fact, the prospect is very pleasing to me, not more for your sake than for that of my son."

"But, sir—I—"

"Oh, I can guess what you would say, but there is no need of wasting words in thanking me. I know you feel very grateful. The matter was settled in my mind long ago, my child, and I am perfectly satisfied. I am sure you will make Caspar an excellent wife, and the difference in your respective stations—his being comparatively wealthy, and you being poor—we will not consider."

"But, sir," exclaimed Pauline, now finding speech, "you should know that I cannot marry with your son."

"How should I know it?" asked Jacob, betraying nothing of his inner feelings.

"You should know that I cannot love him. We are not calculated for one another."

"Pshaw! that is a childish whim. I would like to know why you cannot love Caspar."

"We had better not discuss the merits of your son. You know him as well as I do."

"Ay, certainly I know him; I know his love for you; and I have given my consent to his proposition for your hand."

"But I have not given my consent, nor can I ever do so. If I have inspired Caspar with love for me, I am sorry for it. I certainly never gave him encouragement, but, on the contrary, I have avoided him when I could. And, sir, I do not believe your son loves me with a love that could ever give him unrest in its disappointment."

"Ah, Pauline, you do not know him."

"It is you, Jacob Murrin, who do not know him, if you dispute me."

"Well, well, my little one, I shall not dispute you, for it would not pay; nor do I want you to dispute me, for that might be worse still. The matter is settled."

"No, no!"

"Hush! I tell you it is settled, and I will have it as I planned. Mercy! to think that all my bright dreams are to be swept away in a moment just by the breath of a thoughtless girl! To think that the darling purpose of my life is to be thwarted by a child whom I have nurtured from her cradle! You must take me for an imbecile. I tell you, you are to be Caspar's wife. Do you understand?"

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" cried the poor girl, with clasped hands. She called to mind what Fenella had told her of a legal guardian's power, and she was frightened.

"It is you who should have mercy on me and mine," returned Jacob, sternly and severely. "It is hardly fitting that you should turn and bite the hand that has fed you."

"Oh! my guardian, it would kill me to be consigned to—"

The quick surging of terrible wrath upon the miller's face restrained the girl from the utterance of the remainder of the sentence and burying her face in her hands she groaned in agony of spirit.

Jacob arose to his feet, a grim look of satisfaction chasing the wrathful cloud from his face. Seeing her thus, he thought, perhaps, that she was conquered.

"Pauline," he said, very slowly, and with an emphasis which gave the weight of unswerving, uncompromising determination to every word, "you now know what's to be, and you will govern yourself accordingly. Before the cold weather comes I may go to Italy, for rest and health, and I shall leave you married to Caspar. You will be his wife within two months."

And with this Jacob Murrin turned upon his heel and went to the mill, the great stones of which were groaning under a heavy grist that had come in that morning.

A while Pauline sat there, in the shade of the lindens, like one stunned. Then she started up, and walked slowly to the house.

"Mercy, child!" cried Fenella, when she saw the deadly face, "what is the matter?"

The girl staggered forward, and threw herself upon the old housekeeper's bosom, where the first tears came to her relief.

"Pauline, dear child," plead the old servitor, kissing her fair brow, "tell me what has happened."

The weeping girl was led to a seat, and when she could command her speech, she told the story. She repeated Jacob's exact words, and gave a true picture of his obdurate resolution; and when she had told all, she rested her head again upon the housekeeper's bosom.

Fenella had not been surprised by the recital. She had known Jacob's purpose for a long time. But now that the blow had fallen she waxed indignant. At first she had seen no impropriety in the proposed union, and had not objected to it; but of late she had come to love the sweet-tempered, pure-hearted girl, and in the same degree, and for just cause, had she come to despise the ill-mannered, overbearing, and dissipated son of her master.

"Oh, Fenella, what can I do?"

"You can do nothing now, dear child, but wait and watch. You have plenty of time for thought. You cannot conclude safely in a moment. But I would advise you one thing; don't show signs of rebellion to Jacob, for it can only lead him to hector matters. I know him well, and I know that he is not to be turned from his purpose by the force of ordinary opposition. And, as I have told you once before, he has full power and authority on his side. You must wait and watch. Something may occur of which we do not dream."

A brief pause, and then the woman added, in a careful whisper:

"Pauline, if you can hide it from Jacob, I will be your friend, and will help you what I can."

"Oh, bless you, Fenella! Jacob shall never know."

The housekeeper kissed her, and then sent her away to her chamber.

She did not wish that the miller should find them together just then.

In her chamber Pauline thought of Paul Duval, and gradually from her busy fancies was evolved an airy castle of exceeding brightness, in which she was to find peace and safety.

When she sat at the dinner table all traces of tears had been obliterated, and she answered to her guardian's remarks readily and even cheerfully.

Jacob was evidently pleased, and he nodded to his own thoughts in a self-satisfied manner.

CHAPTER VI.

"There, there, child, run out into the linden-grove, and let the fresh air blow upon your cheeks. There is no use in repining. Hope for the best. We know not what the future may have in store. Plaus far more elaborately laid than is this of Jacob Murrin's have been thwarted ere now."

So spoke old Fenella, as Pauline sat by the window, her face pale and troubled, and her brow resting upon her hand; but her face brightened now in a moment.

She had been thinking, not of the linden-grove, but of the forest glade, and she had feared that the housekeeper might question her if she offered to go. Her own thoughts were so full of the French artist that it seemed to her only natural that Fenella's thoughts should run in the same direction.

The woman was her friend—truly and sincerely so—but what might be her ideas of propriety under the circumstances was not so apparent. But the knot was cut now, and she accepted the circumstance as a good omen.

"Thank you, Fenella," she said, as she started up from her seat, "I will seek the fresh air, and try to please you in my treatment of Jacob."

She got her hat and mantle, but she did not take

her drawing-book. She did not dare, and she did not care.

If she took it, Fenella might think of the handsome artist; and, moreover, she did not feel that she could bend her mind to sketching. When she had stepped from the piazza she kept the house between herself and the mill until she had reached the grove of lindens, and from this point she hurried on to the glade in the forest where her last sketch had been made.

She sat upon the old moss-covered rock, and gave herself up to thought.

But not thought smoothly flowing, nor uninterrupted for long.

She was thinking of the artist, and wondering if any lasting influence was to come upon her life through him, when he stood before her.

"How, Pauline?" he said, with a tinge of disappointment in his tone. "Have you not brought your sketch-book?"

She looked up into his kind, handsome, smiling face, and he quickly saw the shadow of unrest. He sat down by her side, and took her hand. There was infinite tenderness in the movement, and his blue eyes looked the deep concern he felt. There was admiration in the look, and there was reverence. She did not offer to withdraw her hand. It was as though its rest were just and natural.

"Pauline, there is a cloud upon your face. You are in trouble. Have I caused it?"

"You! Oh, no, no!"

"Could I help to remove the trouble? Oh, I wish you would trust me. Truly, I hardly know what to say. I would not offend you for the world, and yet I wish to offer you the service of my very life, if you need it. I dare call Heaven to witness that he is an honourable, truthful, and steadfast man who makes the offer."

Oh! how like sweet music fell those words upon her ears! She no more doubted him than she would have doubted a devoted brother, had she been blessed with one. She gazed up into his face, and when she read there the tender and respectful regard of his heart—when she saw how earnestly and how anxiously he awaited her speech—she resolved that she would tell him all. It was not reason or judgment that led her to this, but the promptings of a finer consciousness, which asserted its sway, and was not to be resisted.

And she told him of Caspar Murrin's character, picturing him to the life; and then she told of that day's interview with her guardian, repeating word for word all he had said to her, and telling how he had said it.

She had withdrawn her hand while she had been speaking, and when she had concluded Paul bowed his head, and was lost for a time in thought. When he finally looked up there was a wondrous light in the azure depths of his truthful eyes and a generous warmth in the flush upon his handsome face.

"Pauline," he said, taking her hand again, "I am going to be bold and frank. I do not ask you to be bold, but I do ask you to be frank and truthful. I have known you longer than you think—never mind how—and I can honestly offer you the deep, fervent love of an undivided heart—that heart's first and only love. Can you give me your love in return?"

The great joy was too sudden, and too overpowering.

She tried to speak and could not; but her answer beamed in the supreme effulgence that overspread her face, and as Paul caught her to his bosom she wept such tears as she had never wept before in all her life.

Never before had she wept for very joy—never had so blessed a fount been opened in her heart.

"Dear, dear Pauline," still holding her in his warm embrace, and gazing down upon the beautiful face that was now upturned trustfully and lovingly, "this has been a sudden wooing, but I am not to blame."

"Perhaps," whispered the happy girl, with a faint smile stealing out through the dimples and tear-tracks, "you think it has also been a sudden winning."

With a half-smiling, half-serious look, which Pauline could not clearly understand, he answered:

"We will consider that subject at some future time. The primal consideration is the truth and strength of the bond between us. I had heard of you, Pauline, before I saw you; and if I had not blindly loved you, I had at least kept my heart single for your sake."

"Paul," cried the maiden, with a flush of blissful interest, "how could that have been? Who could have told you of me?"

"Ah, it is a curious story, my darling, and at some time you shall hear it. Enough for you to know now that when I did see you, and heard your voice, and felt the blessed warmth of your sweet smile, my heart went out to you with its whole wealth of love and devotion. And, Pauline, was

I mistaken in thinking that you at least felt an interest in me at the same time?"

True-hearted and honest, loving with her whole soul, and knowing that she loved, she could not keep back the glad answer:

"You were not mistaken, Paul."

"And you love me alone?"

"You alone, Paul,—you first of all the world—and I can ask no other love."

"And it gives you joy, Pauline?"

"Oh, my love! I never knew what joy was till now."

"Bless you, sweet one!"

He wound his arms once more about her, and with her head pillowed upon his bosom they sat for a time in the infinitude of silent happiness.

"Pauline," said the artist, at length, holding both her hands, and speaking with a serious, but tender earnestness, "we have life before us—a new and blissful life for us both, I trust—and in life there must be work. We have first to remove all barriers to our success. Will you tell me how you came to the care of this miller—tell me what you know of your life?"

She did not hesitate. Her story was brief, and the incidents within her knowledge few. Of her earlier days she could only tell as she had heard from her guardian, and of the later times there was not much to relate.

"And you do not believe," said Paul, when she had concluded, "that the Bavarian coal burner was your father?"

"No," Pauline answered, quickly and energetically. "Do you?"

"I do not believe the coalburner was your father, nor do I believe that any relative of Jacob Mordner was your mother," returned the artist, with positive emphasis. "There is a secret somewhere—a mystery to which the old miller possesses the key. It shall be my work to unravel it."

Pauline started, and caught her lover by the arm.

"The miller has a secret," she said.

And thereupon she told to him the story of the hidden chamber—told him of the strange noises which she and Fenella had heard in times past, and of the discovery which they had made during the previous night.

Paul not only listened with deepest attention but he was strangely excited during the recital.

"Pauline," he cried, when she had concluded, "I must find entrance to this secret chamber. I may therein find a clue to this man's past life."

"To his past, Paul?"

"Ay, to his life of the earlier years. He has not always been what he now appears. I must break the chain of his legal hold upon yourself, and to that end I must unearth this secret which he so carefully hides. How long has Fenella lived with him?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"Oh, if I could but gain her confidence and assistance! Without her co-operation we can do nothing, at least towards finding the way to the hidden chamber."

"No, Paul, we can certainly do nothing without her consent. But I know she is not unfavourably inclined towards you. Perhaps we can win her over entirely. She does not love Jacob."

"And she does not look with favour upon the proposed union of yourself and the miller's son?"

"Oh, no. I am sure she would willingly help to thwart that."

"Then let us hope for the best, I must see her and persuade her. I would not wrongfully lead you to deceive your guardian; and yet, for the present, it is best that he should know nothing of your acquaintance with me. He is, I am well assured, in his own life living a wicked, cruel falsehood, and if we would lift the cloud from your path we must keep our own counsels. I must watch for an opportunity, when the miller and his son are both away, to again see Fenella."

"It cannot be a long time before the opportunity will occur," said Pauline. "When there is no grist in the mill they are almost sure to go to the town, and if you were at hand when they were gone I could let you know."

"I shall be in this place very often, darling."

"And your shop, Paul—who cares for that?"

"Oh, I have a most excellent assistant in my shop—an artist of rare merit, who is devoted to me. He is French. And, Pauline, you are French. Some of the grandest and best blood in the world is German, but I dare swear that not a drop of it runs in your veins. Why, bless me! the very language is foreign to your tongue."

"It is a happy thought, Paul, that I am of your people."

"And the thought is true, my precious one," cried the enraptured youth, drawing the fair head upon his shoulder. "Give us but Fenella's support and we will find the proof."

And as they sat there in the forest glade and planned for the future it seemed to them as though they had known one another from childhood. In fact, had their companionship been the creature of years the current of their lives could not have been more completely and harmoniously united.

When Pauline entered the kitchen upon her return from the forest, the brightness of her face, and the glad light that shone in her eyes, quickly attracted Fenella's attention.

"Pauline," she said, fixing her gaze upon this presence of gladness, so strangely transformed from the sad and downcast girl who had left the house only two short hours before, "you have seen the French artist?"

Pauline did not shrink, nor tremble, nor did her eyes droop; but, with cheerful, confiding frankness, she answered:

"Yes, Fenella, I have seen him. We have been talking of many things."

The housekeeper watched the maiden's glowing face for a brief space, and then turned away. When she spoke again it was to give directions for preparing for supper. If any farther thought of the young and handsome Frenchman was in her mind, she did not show it.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Fenella asked Jacob for some money. She wished to go to Oberkirch to purchase stuff for a kirtle. He made no objection.

He evidently desired to please her. He gave her more money than she asked for, and told her she might take one of the mules if she wished to ride. But she preferred to walk.

"I wish I could go with you," said Pauline, after Jacob and Caspar had gone to the mill.

"That cannot be," answered Fenella. "You must get dinner for the men. But you need not be afraid. I dare promise that Caspar will not trouble you at present. Treat him with respect, and keep about your work as though nothing had happened to disturb you."

And shortly afterwards the housekeeper set forth. The distance to Oberkirch was only four miles, and she was well used to the walk.

At the usual hour Pauline had the dinner served, and called Jacob and Caspar from the mill. After the conclusion of the meal, and after the old man had gone out, Caspar lingered behind.

Our heroine observed, and would have fled to her chamber had there been no work for her in the kitchen.

She saw upon the man's flushed and disagreeable face and in the changeful, furtive glances which he cast upon her, that he had stopped to speak with her.

Had it been any ordinary topic that occupied his mind he would have spoken while at the table. He would not have put off the lighting of his pipe. But he did not keep her long in suspense.

"Pauline," he said, standing by the table—she had come to remove some dishes, so she stood directly opposite, with only the space of the table between them, "I want speak with you. I hope you do not lay up against me my rough way of the other evening."

"No," returned the girl; "because I think if you had not been intoxicated you would not have behaved as you did."

"Not intoxicated," corrected Caspar, with a grimace; "but the fumes of the wine had got into my head, I admit. However, we will pass that. My father has spoken to you upon an important matter, and I just wish to say a word for myself."

"Not now, not now, Caspar!" and the girl put up her hands as though to ward off the hateful subject.

"Why not now as well as at any time?" he demanded, with a flush of anger. "The thing is to be as my father has said, and you and I may as well come to an understanding at once. Since you are to be my wife you should be making up your mind to it and try and treat me a little more kindly than you have been doing of late. I speak this more for your own good than mine."

For the life of her Pauline could not stand calmly under this fearful ordeal. She shrank back pale and horrified.

"Oh, Caspar, have mercy on me, and leave me!"

"Mercy!" repeated the miller's son, contemptuously, and with a dangerous look. "My faith! it is I who should cry for mercy. What mercy have you for me?"

"Caspar," cried the maiden, turning her flashing eyes full upon him, "you have no right to approach me thus. You know that I can never love you as you would have a wife love you. There are girls enough who would gladly accept your suit."

"But there is only one Pauline," returned Caspar, with a momentary brightness in his eye, "and I know not another so pretty as you. No, no—I want nobody but you; and I will have nobody else."

"And would you willingly marry with a girl who did not love you, and who might come to hate you?"

"If you should come to hate me after we are married," said Caspar, with the dangerous look again upon his face, "be sure you will suffer more than I shall. Of that you may be certain—very certain."

"Caspar Mordner!"

"Bah!" broke in the suitor, restraining his wrath no longer. "You are an idiot! Don't make a bed for yourself that will make you ache. I think my father told you what was to be, and be sure his word is law. And, look ye, Pauline, if you think I shall give up my claim, you are terribly mistaken. I will have you for my wife though I shed blood for you. Should any man even dare to come between you and me his life shall pay the penalty—I swear it!"

At these dreadful words, spoken by a man who was inclined to no law but his own will, Pauline cowered back to the partition, and covered her face with her hands. Caspar regarded her for a time with a fixed, searching look and then, without speaking farther, turned upon his heel, and left the house.

The sensation upon Pauline's spirit, upon finding herself alone, was one of terror and alarm; but when she could command her reason, and summon the energies of her brave, true heart, she lifted herself above the terror and stood erect. In that hour her faith in Paul Duval gave her strength and courage. He would save and bless her. She would not fear. And ere long she resumed her work, if not with her wonted calmness, at least not with tremor or dejection.

In the mill Caspar met his father, and the darkness of his brow and the lurid glare of his purple eyes told to the old man that he had had trouble.

"How is it, my son? Did you speak with Pauline?"

"Yes, I spoke with her, and she spoke back. She says she will never love me, and she doesn't want to be my wife."

"Well, will you give her up?"

"Give her up?" cried Caspar, stamping his foot till the very mill shook—"No! never!"

"Good!" said Jacob. "She shall be yours. If she does not love you, she cannot love another—we are sure of that."

"Not so sure as you may think," returned the son, with a significant nod.

"Goodness, mercy! My son, what do you mean?"

"I mean that we don't know what the girl may have been up to during these later years. The young gallants of Oberkirch think her very beautiful. One of them may have taken her fancy, and may have even whispered to her of love. I know something of these women, and I believe Pauline has a lover, I saw it in her eye to-day."

"Caspar, if I thought so I would—"

"Easy, father," interrupted the son, with a wicked look upon his red face. "Leave the matter in my hands. I will watch the girl when she knows it not, and if there is a favoured suitor in my way I can take care of him!"

The arrival of an ex-team, with a load of corn, put an end to the conversation.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

A good alloy for making working models is four parts copper, one part tin, and a quarter part zinc. This is easily wrought. Doubling the proportion of zinc increases the hardness.

A NEW METAL.—The discovery of a new metal was announced to the French Academy of Sciences recently by M. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, a progressive French chemist. The new metal, which M. Lecoq calls gallium, was found by the spectroscopic in zinc ores, with which metal it has much resemblance in common, although showing sufficient distinctive chemical characteristics. This addition raises the list of elements to 66, the metals alone being represented by 32 bodies.

THE REPTILE "HELODERMA."—Professor Gervais has made a communication upon the teeth of the American reptile known as Heloderma. A species of the genus is abundant in Southern Arizona, where it is called a scorpion, and is reputed by the natives to be extremely venomous, although experiments carefully prosecuted by Dr. B. J. D. Irwin, of the United States army, failed to exhibit any evidences of this fact. There is, as Gervais and others have found, a striking relationship between it and some of the poisonous serpents in the possession of a longitudinal furrow on the back part of the teeth, as if to carry poison from a gland.

VULCANISING OF CAOUTCHOUC.—Professor Böttger states that Gauthier de Caubry has established by experiment that, upon mixing flowers of sulphur

and dry chloride of lime in a porcelain mortar very intimately a decided odour of chloride of sulphur soon becomes noticeable, accompanied by an elevation of the temperature of the mixture, while the sulphur softens, and a plastic mass is finally formed. If the sulphur is largely in excess of the chloride of lime, and they are mixed without hard grinding, the product, with or without the addition of chalk, zinc-white, etc., when added to caoutchouc, softened in bisulphide of carbon or oil of turpentine, or upon slightly so-called vulcanization at the ordinary temperature, or upon slightly warming. With chloride of lime in excess the action becomes greatly heated, while vapours of chloride of sulphur are evolved, and the mass remains pulverulent instead of becoming pasty.

THE FLOWERING OF PLANTS.—The flowering of certain plants being accompanied by an elevation of temperature and disengagement of carbonic acid, has led to the inference that at this stage they respire in the same way as animals. The sugar stored up in the plants undergoes the alcoholic fermentation, and the alcohol so formed is burnt, thus producing the heat needful for reproduction. A ripe apple or pear placed in lime-water will render it turbid by the evolution of carbonic acid. The fruit, after being thus protected from the air, will yield a notable quantity of alcohol, as shown by Messrs. Lechartier and Bellamy in their researches on the ripening of fruits. Even the simplest vegetables contain, during all the course of their existence, alcohol pre-formed, the combustion of which serves to maintain the heat needful for their existence.

IMPROVED LEATHER-DRESSING MACHINE.

THIS is a novel machine, designed to dress leather by the pressure of moving rollers. Either of these rollers may be adjusted or thrown into or out of action at will, independently of the other, and each has an independent depressing device, by which more or less force can be applied.

The apparatus consists of a main frame, in the top of which there is mounted a spring bar, which is supported only at its ends and at its middle. To the under side of this bar are hinged the upper ends of two hanging rods, on the lower extremity of each of which is attached a roller. These rollers work over the face of curved stationary beds, and their rods are actuated by connections from two eccentricities or equivalent devices, driven by a transverse shaft.

In the top of the frame are two sliding pins, which are pressed down upon the spring by the short arms of the elbow levers. Cords from the long arms of these levers lead down to foot levers. When the machine is in operation the two rollers are carried to and fro above the beds, being suspended clear of the same in order to permit the introduction and adjustment of the leather. The attendants, after placing the latter, bring down the rollers, with more or less force, by pressing the treadles with their feet.

The two rollers always move in opposite directions, so that the strain and reaction caused by the change of direction or movement of one is overcome by the other. They may be very easily governed, and their pressure regulated without interfering with the continuous action of the machine.

A CAUCASIAN WILD GERANIUM.

THERE are many geraniums, at present confined almost exclusively to botanic gardens, which might be advantageously grown as ornamental plants in ordinary garden establishments; and among these, one of the most effective is a beautiful Caucasian variety, named *g. platypetalum*.

It grows wild in the Taurus mountains, and is closely related to *g. sylvaticum*, from which, however, it only requires a superficial examination to distinguish it. It is of a stronger growth than that kind, and its flowers, which in colour resemble those of *g. pratense*, attain much larger dimensions. In addition to this it is extremely hardy, and thrives in almost any kind of soil. It is covered with soft, spreading hairs.

The stem is erect and angular; the stipules broad; the leaves heart shaped and denticulated, and having from five to seven oboval obtuse lobes; the peduncles, which carry from two to three flowers, are covered with glandulous hairs, as also is the calyx, which has awn-like sepals. The petals, which attain double the length of the sepals, are two or three lobed; the stamens and carpels are slightly hairy, and the seeds glossy.

The flowers, which are pendulous previous to opening, remain erect during the time they are in bloom, a period lasting from May until July following. Among all kinds of geraniums, *g. platypetalum* is one of the best for growing in clumps, in which it

produces, when in full bloom, a striking effect, its flowers being large and produced in great abundance. It is a remarkably fine variety, and should always be cultivated where it is possible.

THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. GYE, who once more brings his programme before the musical world, announced the opening of the opera season for the 27th instant.

He promises, in addition to the extensive repertoire of the house, now numbering something like forty-eight operas, performance of at least three of the following works in the course of the season: "Aida," "Tannhauser," "L'Elisir d'Amore," and "Mosé in Egitto." He has secured the exclusive right to perform "Aida" in England, and what is, perhaps, of a good deal more practical value, he has retained the services of Madame Adelina Patti, who is announced to sustain the part of Verdi's charming heroine.

The principal rôle in "Tannhauser" will be supported by Mlle. Albani, and in the revival of Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore" Mlle. Zaré Thalberg, sweetest and freshest of primo donne, has assigned to her the part of Adina. Mlle. Bianchi is promised in Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto," one of the few attempts which have been made to set upon the lyric stage any part of the story of Holy Writ.

The list of engaged artistes is strong and attractive. It includes Madame Adelina Patti, Mlle. Zaré Thalberg, Mlle. Bianchi, Mlle. Marimon, Mlle. Smorochli, Mlle. Scatchi, Mlle. Emma Albani, Signor Nicolini, Signor de Sanctis, Signor Graziani, M. Maurel, M. Caponi, Signor Cotogni, Signor Baggiolo, Signor Tagliafico, and many others.

There are several new artistes promised for the coming season, among them being Mlle. Rosavalle, Mlle. Emma Abbott, Mlle. Froeh, Mlle. Eva de Snyenberg, Signor Conti, Signor Monti, Signor Tamagno, Signor Medico, and Signor Gyarra. The last-named artiste has made an arrangement with Mr. Gye for several seasons, but as he had already, before signing his contract for England, entered into certain Continental engagements, his appearance in London during the present season is not certain.

A new principal danseuse is also promised, in the person of Mlle. Berthe, who has not yet appeared in England. Mr. Gye, not content to rely solely upon either his old repertoire or his new importations, announces a new privilege for subscribers. The subscription will, as usual, consist of forty nights, but as there will, after the first week, be four regular nights in each week, subscribers may, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the season, have the choice of any two or more of those four nights.

THE DUKE'S.

THE management of this theatre have placed a new burlesque on its stage, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled—"On the Rink, or, the Girl he left behind him."

The notion is of the most extravagant character. A hairdresser has fled from London to Wales to escape from the wrath of an elderly lady whose hair he has dyed green instead of blonde. At the seaside there he sees his victim, and endeavours to elude her. He returns to London attired in a bathing-dress belonging to a worthy Welshman, whom he thinks he has drowned. Arrived at his home in Regent's Park, he sees his second victim, and at once makes all concessions required. These are necessary, because there is a most involved love plot, which somehow ends in satisfactory matrimony.

The persons introduced are comic enough in idea and association, but there seems no thread of story by which they are to be held together and the interest sustained. First there is the Count Goaviski, of whom Mr. F. Dewar strives to make a great deal; then there is Mopster, the hairdresser, who gives Mr. E. Righton a chance to disport himself; next comes the owner of the Welsh bathing-machines, with whom Mr. E. Danvers struggles manfully. Miss Amalia shows a great deal of spirit as Deborah Jones, Miss Maria Stevens does her best with the hairdresser's nephew, and Miss Maria Daly really makes fun out of an old woman. Miss James played nicely as a youth called Dick Trickett, who is an important personage in the action.

It would seem really as if the piece had been written to introduce the skating ballet at the close. This exhibition is very picturesque, and does Mr. Cormack the greatest credit. The style in which the young ladies fell all about the stage on the first night was both natural and artistic, and if the tumblers are to be curtailed we fear the piece will have lost whatever charm it possesses. At all events these caused the

only genuine laughter on the first representation. A chorus of boys in the third scene is effective, and as for scenery and costume there is nothing to be desired.

WHEN the Williamsons appear at the Adelphi in "Struck Oil," the company there will be considerably altered, amongst others who leave being Miss Lydia Foote and Mr. John Clark. "Struck Oil," which, in consequence of its colonial reputation, is expected to make a great hit, will be the Easter novelty here.

"Jo" at the Globe, has made about the most sudden and distinct hit of the season, and the performance is the greatest success ever scored here, except during Mr. Toole's brief season. The public wisely flock to see a really artistic bit of acting, and puts up with the dimality of the piece for the sake of Miss Jennie Lee's beautiful impersonation. By all those critics whose opinion is worth having the unexpected excellence of the actress's pathetic delineation was at once noted and proclaimed.

"CLYTIE," the drama introduced to the public at the Olympic some little time since, has been transferred to the Standard Theatre, where, with new scenery and fresh artists, it bids fair to have a long run. Mary Waller—"Clytie"—has a capital exponent in Miss Lorrie Moodie, who, by her intelligent rendering of the by no means easy character quite gained the sympathies of a large audience, and was more than once deservedly called before the curtain. Miss Moodie was well supported by Mr. Redmond, who was frank and manly as Tom Mayfield; the other parts being ably filled, the Sarah Kidgers of M's Mansfield being specially worthy of notice. "Clytie" is followed by the amusing comedy, "Our Neighbours."

THE new entertainment of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, produced at St. George's Hall, has proved a complete success. It is written by "the Brothers Gilbert and Arthur a'Beckett," and is entitled "An Indian Puzzle;" the music, of course, by Mr. German Reed. The scene is in the house of Sir Chutney Pepper (Mr. Alfred E. Bishop), who has prepared his house for a fancy ball, which is unavoidably postponed. Nevertheless, a few of the invited guests in proper costumes arrive, and to amuse them he is fain to exhibit some of his Indian curiosities. Among these is a mesmerist rod which, if grasped, causes the holder to become any character the presenter of it may wish. Magic transformations accordingly take place. Sir Chutney himself assumes the parts of a mad juggler, the Bounding Brother of Babylon, and Blue Beard; Mr. Corney Grain, as Dick Gordon, a nervous young man, becomes Jack the Giant-Killer; Miss Leonora Braham Cinderella; Miss Fanny Holland, Fatima; Mr. Alfred Reed, Abdallah; and Mrs. German Reed, Old Mother Hubbard. The "fooling" was very pleasant, the songs and choruses were charming, and the general get-up altogether good.

THE death of Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American actress, deserves some special notice. Those who know her best would most esteem her merits. She was altogether an intellectual person, and her art was the result of profound study. She died on Friday, February 18th, at Boston, U.S., in her sixty-first year. She was a descendant from the Robert Cushman who went over with the pilgrims to New England, and delivered there the first extant sermon in America. Her father was a merchant in Boston. Having received a musical education, her first public appearance was at a concert; but afterwards losing her voice, she tried the stage, not before, however, she had appeared in opera at the Tremont Theatre. Her début in drama was as Lady Macbeth, a rôle in which she first became distinguished in England. She made her earliest appearance at the Princess's, in 1845, as Bianca in "Fazio;" and during her eighty-four nights' engagement acted Lady Macbeth, Julia, Mrs. Haller, Beatrice, Lady Teazle, Rosalind and Juliana. She then proceeded to the Haymarket, and she and her sister Susan acted together in "Romeo and Juliet." In 1849 she returned to America; and in 1852 made what she supposed would be her last appearance at the Broadway in Meg Merrilies. But she was destined to a long career. In November, 1857, she sustained the part of Cardinal Wolsey at Burton's new theatre—the only time, probably, that this great character had ever been ventured on by a female. But Miss Cushman was a woman of masculine mind, and, doubtless, sustained the arduous rôle with answerable power. She took a final leave of the stage at Booth's Theatre, New York, in 1874. She herself attributed the great success she had experienced to her earnestness, and no doubt she was right in that estimate of her character. In all things she was an excellent person, and possessed of remarkable intelligence. For many years she resided in Rome; but returned to her own country, where, as we have already said, she died, full of honours, leaving a name that sheds glory on the American stage.

THE NEW FORCE.

THE new force claimed to have been discovered by T. A. Edison may be demonstrated in the following manner.

Upon an insulated table place an ordinary Morse key and an electro-magnet, the coils of which are so wound that no magnetism is produced in its cores by the passage of an electric current. Use for an armature a piece of the metal cadmium, to one of which fasten a flat spring. The other end of the spring attach rigidly to a standard fixed on the table. Adjust the armature a short distance away from the core of the magnet.

The standard is to be connected by wire to one end of a glass rod or tube, say two feet long. The other end of the tube connects by wire with a graphite point (a lead pencil will answer). Another graphite point is connected by wire to a gas pipe or other suitable mass of metal, not in contact with the apparatus; and the two points, in position similar to the arrangement for producing the electric light, may be placed in a box from which light is excluded, but with a hole in the top for observation. Place 10 or 15 Bunsen cells in circuit with the key and the coils in the usual manner.

Now, if the key be closed, a spark of considerable brilliancy will be evolved from the graphite points, but possessing no continuity. If, however, (the battery circuit remaining closed) any part of the connection between the gas pipe and the cadmium is broken, and contacts be made either slowly or rapidly between the disconnected points, the spark reappears at each contact. It is here that the phenomena are surprising, and apparently unexplainable. The graphite is not in the battery circuit, nor in any other. Moreover it is separated from the rest of the apparatus by the glass tube.

This alone would seem to prove that the force is not electrical, at least as the term is generally understood; and when supplemented by the fact that the most delicate galvanometer and the chemicals most sensitive to the electric current fail to note its presence, the electric current fail to note its presence, this conclusion must be accepted.

Many experiments have been made with a view of obtaining some definite knowledge, but nothing has been developed beyond the facts above stated; and in addition that like electricity, the new force passes through or over some substances better than it does over others, and also that, as the resistance of one of its best known conductors is increased by length, the spark decreases in brilliancy.

WHAT THE COMING MAN MAY BE.

CLEVER writers have frequently amused themselves and their readers by forecasting the future and prognosticating the condition of humanity centuries hence. They have materialized, so to speak, the dreams of to-day and pictured human life as it might be were those dreams fulfilled. In all those Utopias, however, the people, though better morally, more happy socially, more fortunate politically and more powerful through easily predicted increase of knowledge, are yet substantially the same as the people of the present. It is assumed, apparently, that the future progress of man is to be measured by changes in his condition, not to changes in himself; that, supposing progress to go on in the future as in the past, the men of 5376 will not differ from us in their personal development.

A writer of sufficient knowledge and liveliness of imagination might plan a more marvellous and, it is hardly too much to say, more probable Utopia from the standpoint of physical rather than material development, picturing a time when the average man will be intellectually as superior to us as we are superior to the less developed man of five thousand years ago. That there has been a similar increase of human brain power during the past few thousand years is as certain as that there was a steady increase of brain power throughout the animal kingdom during the geological ages just preceding; and there is no physiological or other reason for believing that man may not go on perpetually increasing in mental power.

Measure the intellectual gulf between the Australian savage, barely able to count his fingers and having no numerals above two, and a Newton or a Laplace, or even the average man of to-day; then suppose the whole race advanced an equal interval. Imagine a race of men so intellectual that the average man would be a Michael Angelo! The basis for such an estimate of the powers of the coming man is found, strange to say, in certain idiots.

A SINGULAR LANDLADY.—A remarkable sign has been put up at a public-house near Lancaster, kept by Miss Remington. The sign is hung by the centre from the front of the house, so that it can be read

on both sides. On one side appears the words, "Oh that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains"; and on the reverse the following: "Oh, thou invisible spirit of drink, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee spirit of evil." The sentence on both sides is surmounted by a well-executed picture of Shakespeare.

REASON AND INSANITY.

THE dividing line between sanity and insanity is of so delicate a texture as to leave a very considerable number of persons in the neutral territory. Slight causes are sufficient to take them over the frontier, and hence the necessity of constant vigilance before the point is reached which separates the patient from the common routine of his civil life.

In most cases of the kind, it is an error to crowd the subjects together in an atmosphere of insanity, where they have to struggle with a host of adverse influences in their progress towards mental convalescence. The true method of cure is to surround the patient with persons of sound mind.

A single timely prescription will often convert the man on the verge of insanity to his usual serenity of mind. Everybody knows that it is a bad time to ask a favour of a person while he is waiting for his dinner. The impoverished condition of the blood at that moment causes a nervous irritation, and predisposes to bad temper. Nor should one engage in mental labour soon after the principal meal of the day. The lawyer, with his blood poisoned by the foul, stagnant air of city chambers, or the clergyman, wearied with the effort to compose his Sunday sermon, who resumes work immediately after dinner, invites apoplexy and sudden death.

Not that severe mental labour at the proper season is injurious. A well organized brain demands exercise. The pleasure attendant upon productive brain-work affords an effective protection to the worker. The poet, in the full light of his fancy, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. The orator, who thrills the hearts of the multitude by his impassioned appeals, retires from the triumphant scene like a giant refreshed with wine.

It is hard and thankless task-work that frets the fine fabric of the brain, saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile. For this reason, probably, among others, diseases of the brain are common in this country. The rage for speculation, and the passion for going ahead, strain the mental fabric to the utmost point.

The lesson to be urged is abstinence for all excesses, the maintenance of a serene and even frame of mind, and moderation in all the physical habits. A healthy brain will be the reward of such a course, and of all temporal prosperity, and even of all spiritual welfare, a healthy brain is the essential condition.

DRINK.

BEFORE you begin to drink, young man, it would be well to remember a few truths.

No one ever intended to become a sot; no one ever owned that it was possible that he should be more than a "moderate" drinker. How do you know where you will stop?

You may say that only an idiot would sink into the condition of an habitual drunkard; and, indeed, by the time that this condition is reached the mind must be weakened; but the most brilliant men in the world have been the very men who have become the prey of the bottle.

There are dozens of men in this city to-day who are actually geniuses—or who have been—who were once loved, respected, and admired—who are now mere battered wrecks, because of drink.

You "only take a glass for the sake of company." Yes, and just so many a merry, good-hearted man has done; and to-day no one wants his company; no one who knew him in his prime but shudders at the sight of the debased creature whose only hope in life is that some one will "treat" him to a drink. Drink begins by eating up a man's income, and ends by eating up his brains.

DEATH FROM A SPUR BY A BANTAM.—On the last day of the year a grocer, named Pickers, of Lincoln, died from mortification, caused by a spur in the left thumb, from a bantam cock, a week previously.

THE challenge from Oxford for a fifty miles bicycle race has been accepted by the Cambridge University Bicycle Club, subject to the fixing of the date, which will probably be in June. It is thought probable that the race will take place at Alexandra Park.

BEARS are numerous in the Ashfordock region, U. S., this winter, and four appeared in broad daylight at North Creek the other day. On a recent Sunday a large black bear entered the church at that place just after the minister had commenced his sermon, and walked leisurely up the passage-way until he reached nearly the middle of the church.

The women jumped upon the top seats and screamed at the height of their voices; all was confusion, and the service came to a standstill. Brain raised himself upon his haunches and calmly surveyed the scene, and, seemingly satisfied with his scrutiny, deliberately walked out. He was followed, but escaped.

A TERRIBLE TRIAL;

OR,

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

CHAPTER XXI.

BOB awoke the next morning with an indistinct recollection of an interval of horror—a dreadful something that had haunted him in his dreams; and the scenes of midnight were only recalled to his mind by the voice of Mr. Borden summoning him to arise.

The mists of slumber now fully cleared from his brain, he aroused Jack, and, having made a hasty toilet, the boys descended to the breakfast-room together.

Kindly greetings from all met them as they appeared on the threshold, and the morning meal passed in cheerful conversation.

At nine o'clock the magistrate, accompanied by Mr. Borden and the two boys, repaired to the court house, where the two assassins were to have their preliminary examination.

This occupied but a short time, and then Father Golgus and the other were remanded to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

There was one thing that surprised Bob—the appearance of Father Golgus. His hair was cut fashionably short, his long beard was shorn, and he looked not more than thirty-five years of age. In the excitement at midnight the boy had not noticed these alterations—he had seen only the chameleon eyes flashing out their wild hate. Now, with youthful curiosity, he wondered why Golgus had lived with that old woman, his wife, and taken pride in seeming old.

His train of thought was now broken by their arrival at the house of the magistrate. As they entered the sitting-room Mr. Borden whispered:

"Bob, I want you to look sharp at Mrs. Howe, and then think if you ever saw her before."

"Yes, sir, I have; but it was a long time ago," he answered, after a close study of the lady's features.

Mr. Borden nodded his head with quiet gratification, and then, crossing the apartment, entered into an animated colloquy with Mrs. Howe, but in a voice so low that Bob could not distinguish one word.

"They're talking about you, Bob, ain't they? It's funny why everybody makes such a fuss over you, and don't care a single rap for me," said Jack, half-wonderingly, half-jealously.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what the reason is; but after all, perhaps they ain't, anyway; so you needn't feel bad about it," rejoined Bob, smiling.

"Oh, I don't; I only want you to stick to me—that's all."

"You shan't be separated if I can help it," interposed Mr. Borden, turning around. "Now bid Mrs. Howe good-bye, for we are off again in five minutes."

Jack went forward first and received an affectionate kiss from Mrs. Howe, which dispelled his sadness, for he had begun to feel that he was of little consequence compared with Bob.

The lady knew this, and acted accordingly; and so when she held Bob close to her, and kissed him tenderly, expressing the hope that his life would be happier, Jack felt no envy.

A moment later Mr. Howe drove up to the door in a wagonette, and, having repeated their adieux, the party entered the vehicle and proceeded to the railway station.

Presently the train came thundering into the station, and, having put the boys in, Mr. Borden entered and seated himself opposite them.

"There's one thing I'd like to know," said Bob, glancing inquiringly into the face of his patron.

"Well, what is it?" queried Mr. Borden, pleasantly.

"How you managed to capture Father Golgus?"

"I can explain that in a few words," replied the old gentleman. "It has been my business of late to watch his movements, and as he was unconscious of it my task was all the easier. I followed him all day yesterday, but pausing at night to rest, I lost sight of him."

"'Twas then I was joined by Mr. Lewis, whom I

had employed to aid me, and who had been travelling in search of you—for I couldn't follow you and Golgus too, you know.

"Mr. Lewis told me that he had found no traces of you, and I was much disappointed for it had been my wish to keep you within my reach. Well, we concluded to ride on toward Singleton, the town we have just left, you know.

"As we drew near it, and walked our horses over a little bridge, we heard a splash in the water, and a moving of stones. We concluded the noise was made by some animal—perhaps a rat—and yet, as we rode on we could hardly believe that such was the case; and this doubt led to a whispered interchange of opinions concerning it.

"We had passed beyond the bridge, and were nearing a grove on the other side of which was a forest, when we heard a rustling of leaves. We paused and listened, and soon we heard the sound again; and we inferred from its peculiarity that it was made by the stamping of a horse.

"Approaching the grove, we dismounted, and, tying our horses, we looked around. Amid a clump of small trees we found two steeds tethered, and then came the question—where were their riders? We believed they were under the bridge, and, searching our eyes, we awaited their coming.

"Only a few minutes passed ere they came along, and were about loosing their horses when we attacked them.

"A long and hard fight followed, but by the aid of Mr. Howe, who had followed the Stealing from his house, we were victorious."

"That was good, wasn't it, Bob? I'd like to've seen the fight," said Jack, with enthusiasm.

Bob smiled indulgently and nodded, and then Mr. Borden smiled at Bob's gravity, and the personal manner with which he at times treated his companion.

It was no assumption, however—Bob remembered the life-lessons he received; Jack, slower to mature, had not arrived at the point where experience is appreciated, much less understood.

A half-hour passed in silence, and then Bob said, hesitatingly:

"Will you please tell me who the man was that gave me the piece of paper in the circus tent—the man with the dark whiskers? And why he didn't ask us to let him know when we intended to escape?"

"His name is Borden, and he couldn't attend to your every want, and look out for your enemies at the same time," replied the old gentleman, kindly.

"Ah! then it was you! I'd like to know something more, and that is—why you took the trouble to help us—why you followed me?"

As he spoke they entered a station, and the noise and confusion drowned the reply—if any was made; and, Bob's thoughts being diverted, the subject was not again referred to.

Alighting from the train, our party took a carriage and were driven to an hotel, where they dined.

The repeat over, Mr. Borden left the boys there, with instructions to remain while he went into a hair-dressing saloon.

Bob intended to obey, but, becoming tired of sitting still, he thought it would do no harm to look around the house a little; and so he ascended to the second floor with the intention of going out on the balcony.

But he never reached it; for a door was suddenly opened, a hand thrust out, and, ere he was conscious of it, Bob was in a room standing before Madge Golgus.

"Don't be cross, Bob," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck. "I was afraid you wouldn't come in if I stopped to ask you. Oh, Bob, I've been so miserable since you left me!"

"And now you think, I suppose, that I'm going back to that old circus with you?" asked the youth, somewhat indignantly.

She glanced upon him with tender reproach, and said, in a low voice:

"No, I shall never go back again; I shall never ask you to do anything against your will; but, Bob, I love you. You are the only one on earth who ever raised the feeling in my heart. I want to live a new life; not because my old companions are arrested, but because you told me I could be good, and you asked me in your little letter to try for your sake."

She paused, and, dropping her head upon his shoulder, wept like a child.

The great, choking sob touched the boy's heart, and as he felt the form quiver with emotion a mist gathered in his own eyes.

Suddenly she sank upon her knees, and, raising her pale, tear-stained face imploringly to him, she continued:

"Bob, you can save me for all time. I am a woman, and I know the world, but I am dependant

on a child, on you, for help. I am not frightened into this by the dread of penalties for what I have done; I do not fear betrayal at the hands of Golgus. I only feel and know that without your aid I shall sink to the lowest depths, and with it I shall gain peace and goodness."

She pressed his hands, and drew nearer to him, her great black eyes shining with supplication.

"Oh, Madge, you do not say this to get me into their power again, do you? You know I'd do anything to make you a real nice woman, but I can't tell whether you are in earnest or not."

There was a deep pathos in the child's voice.

"No—no! Oh, Bob, what oath can I take, what can I do to prove my sincerity? May Heaven pity me now, for you doubt me—you in your innocence; you in your youth and simplicity! Bob, tell me, tell me again as you did in your letter, that you like me—that you will save me!"

There was a wild, intense yearning in the anguished face that, no nature in the least susceptible to human feeling could resist.

In spite of the youth's efforts, tears came to his eyes, and he said, plaintively:

"I believe you. I ought to do something for you. You've been so kind to me. Tell me, dear Madge, what can I do?"

An expression of delicious joy overspread the woman's features, and, arising, she clasped him to her breast and covered his face with kisses.

Then she answered, with tremulous eagerness:

"Go with me—live with me! I will be your mother—your sister, I mean! I will grow up in your presence; I will forget my old self—I will live a new, bright life!"

"Must I leave this new friend, who seems to like me so much?" mused Bob, sadly; and then, seeing how his words pained his companion, he added, with a resignation wonderful in one of his years: "But I can do him no good, and you say I can make you good and happy. I will go."

"Bless you, my darling boy! I shall live again, and, Bob, when I am good, and sure of my strength in goodness, I will bring you back to your friends, if you will promise to make them let me stay with you."

"I will! But, Madge—"

"Let that name go! Give me a new one; let me forget all of the past. Give me a pretty name, Bob," she interposed, childishly, but with vehement earnestness.

"But, Alice, how can we leave the house? In a moment Mr. Borden will be looking for me."

And he sighed as he thought of the uncertainties of the future towards which he was blindly rushing.

"True; we have not an instant to lose. Sit down here, Bob, and take off your jacket and shoes and stockings."

Wondering what she was about to do, he obeyed. Now that he had resolved to share her fortunes he felt no misgiving; once set upon a course, he was immovable and content to take its shadows with its sunshine. Placing the proper implements in a chair by her side, she proceeded to blacken Bob's face, and arms, and feet, as far as the ankles. This accomplished—and it consumed but a few minutes, for she worked rapidly and skillfully—she rubbed pomade upon his curly chestnut hair until it shone like genuine African wool. Then taking a suit of clothes from a bundle, she stepped into the closet and ordered him to assume them. The cloth was blue with bright buttons, and when the metamorphosis was complete Bob laughingly called upon her to come out.

"You might pass me a dozen times, and I should not know you; your disguise is perfect! Oh, how happy I am! But your voice, dear Bob—that may betray you. Do you know the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

"Yes."

"Then we will use it until we are safe. Come, put on your new hat, and I'll get my cape, and we'll be ready in a minute. Change your gait, if you can, when we go downstairs. You must walk behind me; you're my servant, you know. Oh, if I could only kiss you! I'm so overjoyed at leaving the past, and stepping forth into this new, bright land with you to guide me."

She dashed a tear from her eyes, and then, opening the door, she called Johnny to follow her. But he was engaged in packing his old clothes, and when he had finished he put the bundle under his arm and obeyed.

Down the stairs and into the office where Jack was sitting went mistress and servant, and Jack looked at the latter and thought him "a mighty stuck-up little chap," and wondered "where on earth Bob was."

Alice—as we must now think of her—having paid

her bill, called Johnny, and together they left the building. Three streets below they entered a fly and were driven to the stea-boat pier.

"In five minutes we shall sail," whispered Alice, as she stepped on deck. "How kind fortune is. Oh, bless—bless the boy! he don't realize that he is saving a life—saving a soul!"

She dropped her veil to conceal the tears that started to her eyes.

It was not three minutes after the successful departure of Bob from the hotel that Mr. Borden returned to the office. Naturally, his first remark was an inquiry for the youth.

"He went into the hall just after you went out, and I haven't seen him since. I can't think where he's gone to," replied Jack, perplexedly.

An expression of deep anxiety clouded the old gentleman's features, and he hurried from the room, glanced hastily into the parlour, and gazed up and down the street. Then, his perturbation growing more intense each moment, he returned to the hotel, sought the manager in his office and explained the circumstances, but he was as much puzzled as Mr. Borden himself concerning the mysterious disappearance.

"Can it be that I have lost him—lost him after all this?" cried Mr. Borden, in mingled grief and apprehension. "No, no—I will not believe it! It would be too bad!"

But the hours passed, and Jack frequently bit his lips to keep the tears from his eyes; but still Bob was absent.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was the morning succeeding the arrest of Mr. Morley, alias Xifina.

The little sitting-room of the Foster tenement was a scene of disorder and confusion; the breakfast table was yet standing with all its unwashed dishes, over which myriads of flies were holding an enthusiastic convention; the chairs were scattered about in every direction, some ornamented with dish-cloths, and others laden with articles of female apparel, while the bureau was piled high with cotton sheeting, work-baskets and newspapers.

Mrs. Foster, energetically complaining, was negligently trying to put things to rights. Rose, standing in the centre of the room attired in a worn and soiled wrapper, with her hair hanging in straggling masses over her shoulders, and trying to open a letter with a wofly dull knife.

Having at length succeeded, she withdrew the missive and opened it, thereby causing an enclosed paper to fall to the floor. Hastily picking this up, she glanced at it and exclaimed, triumphantly:

"I've got the certificate—I've got it! Now I can dare that wretch Morley—I can marry Oswald without a divorce, for I hold in my hand the only proof of my marriage! The minister who married us died a year ago, and the records were burnt—you remember, mother?"

"Yes, I remember," said Mrs. Foster, a strange paleness settling around her lips.

Rose noticed it, and, tossing her head scornfully, gave her attention to the letter. Suddenly a shiver of mingled pain and dismay burst from her lips, and then another ringing with rage and hate, while her eyes started from their sockets.

"What, in Heaven's name, ails you?" demanded Mrs. Foster, irritably.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Rose, straining her hands together and grinding her heels against the floor. "Oh, I could curse everything! I am nearly mad! Oswald knows—knows all! He tells me that the law allows one but one husband! He says he must decline the honour of an alliance with a married woman! I wish he was strangled! I wish—"

Her words became unintelligible from their very intensity, and she beat the floor, smote the air, and grated her teeth in a perfect paroxysm of fury.

"Be still, I tell you; you'll rouse the neighbours! I know 'twould be so—no good ever comes of scheming."

"Be silent!" cried the frantic girl, raising her arm menacingly.

Mrs. Foster retreated in alarm. She had often seen Rose in her "fits," as she called them, but nothing like this had she ever witnessed in any human being, much less her daughter, and she was thoroughly frightened. Glancing anxiously upon her now and then, the mother went about her work and said nothing.

At last the violence of the wrath-spasms subsided, and Rose, sighing deeply, went to her own room.

In an incredibly short space of time she reappeared, dressed in her best.

"Where are you going?" queried the mother, with deep solicitude.

"No matter," was the answer from the set lips.

"Oh, Rose, don't be rash—don't make us any



[THE MANAGER PUZZLED.]

trouble, I beg of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, in blended fear and grief.

This earnest, loving, yet anxious tone, which her mother so rarely used, touched the girl's heart, small as it was, and she replied, less coldly:

"Don't worry. I'll do nothing foolish."

Then, leaving the room, she hurried downstairs, muttering as she went:

"He thinks perhaps that I'll give him up! Ah! little he knows me! I'll sue him for breach of promise—I'll prevent Mrs. Milton getting him, at all events! I'll make him the laughing-stock of his friends! I'll have revenge for all this!"

As she hurried along her thoughts broke forth in harshly-whispered words.

"I've got the certificate—there's no other earthly proof of my marriage. I hold Oswald Loring in my grasp, and I'll choke his life out before any other woman shall have him. I love him, adore him and worship him. Ugh! if I but knew who told him. It must have been Morley—the fiend!"

She paused and glanced about. Her feet had kept pace with her thoughts, and she had passed Mrs. Milton's mansion without realizing it.

Now, with a low malediction on her own pre-occupation, she turned, and, having reached the house rang the bell.

In answer to her inquiry for Leonia, the servant said she was indisposed and could not receive callers.

"Tell her it is a matter of life and death," said Rose, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

The ruse succeeded and she was admitted.

While she awaited the coming of Leonia in the sitting-room she had ample time to compose her features and assume a troubled, sorrowful manner.

As Leonia entered, Rose sprang to her feet, and advancing, with hands extended, said, humbly, tearfully:

"Oh, forgive me for coming, but you are the only one in the wide world who will aid me. I am ashamed to meet you after my mother's ingratitude, but I am sure I could not help it."

Remembering that Rose had evinced much mortification and grief on the occasion referred to, Leonia allowed her sympathy to manifest itself, and replied:

"I am sorry to see you in distress. You said it was a matter of life and death. Is your mother ill? Sit down and tell me all about it."

Rose sank into a chair opposite her hostess, and, after some hesitation, answered:

"No, not that, but we are in danger of being turned out of doors; our landlord is a hard, cruel man, and we have been unfortunate lately and have no money. Oh, dear! it cuts my heart to tell you this as if I were a beggar, but what can we do?" and she wrung her hands.

"If five pounds will aid you, you are welcome to them," said Leonia, handing her a note.

"How miserly!" thought Rose, but accepted the amount with a great show of gratitude, and then added, as her tears burst forth again:

"I have other sorrows too. I wouldn't presume to repeat them to you if I did not know your kind heart and your noble nature; but it is so comforting to speak to some one when you are in trouble, and I can't say a word to mother because she isn't congenial. Oh, dear, how miserable I am! But forgive me, I annoy you—I ought not to have said so much!" And she raised her tearful eyes to Leonia pleadingly.

"Go on, you do not trouble me. I am willing to soothe you if I can."

"Oh, thank you—it is like you! Well, you see, I was to have been married in a few days, but—but my promised husband has deserted me, insinuating that I was unworthy his love, and told me, too, that he never loved me, that it was only a blind infatuation! Oh, can you imagine my anguish, my despair!"

She clasped her hands across her knees and rocked herself to and fro.

"Yes," breathed Leonia, thinking of her own experience and much affected by the girl's appearance of sorrow.

"Thank Heaven, there is one to sympathize with me, one to understand my misery. Oh, I loved him so; I adored the ground his foot pressed—I could have died for him; I—Oh, Oswald, you have broken my heart!"

She fell forward upon the floor, apparently insensible, but her ears were open though her eyes were shut.

"Oswald!" ejaculated Leonia, feverishly. "She said Oswald! Could she mean him? Oh, why does this phantom ever return?"

A shudder crept over her frame, a slight pang of the old jealousy cut her heart, but she thought of her late rest and became content again. Then remembering Rose, she rang the bell, and presently Thomas came in and lifted the girl into the chair.

The application of cologne to her brow and vigorous rubbing of her wrists soon restored her to consciousness.

"Thomas, order Mary to bring coffee and cake," said Leonia, resuming her seat.

The attendant bowed and made his exit.

"Are you better now?" said Leonia, kindly.

"Yes, much, answered Rose, trying to smile, but shivering instead. "I'm sorry to vex you no, but my feelings overpowered me. Oh, dear! I almost wish I had no feeling." And she relapsed into silence.

In the meantime Mary, the parlour-maid was coming up the kitchen stairs with two cups of coffee on separate waiters and two plates of cake. Suddenly remembering that she had forgotten the napkins, she placed the salver on the floor and went back to get them.

As she disappeared down the stairs, the rear door of the sitting-room was silently and quickly opened, and Eda came forth, her basilisk eyes shining with evil exultation.

During the whole interview between Leonia and Rose, this woman, who seemed ubiquitous, had been within ten feet of them, concealed by the drapery curtains that served the purpose of folding doors. Now taking a small phial, containing a yellowish liquid, from her pocket she let fall three drops into the large cup, which she knew Leonia would pass to her guest, and then retreated into the sitting-room.

Crawling toward the curtains, she awaited with fiendish delight the result of her nefarious work. Presently she heard the girl return, saw her—through a rift in the drapery—enter the room, and set the salver down upon a small table, which she moved to a position directly between the two ladies.

Motioning the girl to depart, Leonia pushed the large cup toward Rose and said:

"This will do you good; you are much agitated. Pray be calm and think as little as you can of your trouble. Now taste of the coffee, and don't slight the pound cake—I made it myself; I have a freak of going into the kitchen sometimes."

"Oh, how can I thank you, you are so good to me," replied Rose.

Leonia smiled and raised her cup to her lips.

The pale face with its wild, glaring eyes grew ghastly with anticipation, and leaned forward from the curtains, and saw the deathly potion glide toward Rose Foster's lips. Then, with a low, demoniac laugh, she fled from the house, muttering as she reached the street: "Ha! ha! She will die for the murder of Rose Foster! Ha! ha! I—I have conquered! So perish all who oppose me!"

(To be continued.)



[THE UNLOOKED-FOR GUEST.]

THE BARONET'S SON; OR, LOVE AND HATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Winifred Wynne," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.

"This is a weary, terrible life, Gladys dear," said, or rather sighed Oscar Vandeleur, looking round the small, confined room that he could alone call his dwelling-place and which seemed like a cage to a wild singing-bird in his estimation, rather than a reasonable abode for a human being.

His sister was busily engaged on some exquisite lace-work, on which she had in truth spent much of the time and the repose which should have now been devoted to the recovery of her shattered nerves and health.

"I am sorry—so sorry, dear Oscar!" she replied, "but what can we do? It is so necessary that you should be concealed at present, and, besides," she said timidly, "I am afraid our finances will scarcely allow of any better and more cheerful home."

Oscar gave another deep, heaving sigh.

"Pon-my word, Gladys, I am half-inclined to say that I would rather have died than be boxed up like a lion in a den as I am now," he exclaimed, bitterly. "It is very good and kind of you, I know, dear, and I would not be ungrateful," he added, seeing the girl's half-pained, reproachful look. "It is no fault of yours, I know, and you are doing even more than I could expect for me; but it is just my fate. The curse is over me and I might as well give up at once to the destiny that pursues me."

It was a miserable reward for the devoted sister, who had relinquished luxury and ease and even the rights of her home—to save the brother who had so little claims on her love and generous self-sacrifice.

But Gladys, in her womanly sweetness, had little desire for any recompense save the success of her one object, and perhaps the very excitement that Oscar's waywardness gave to her efforts made him even more dear and engrossing to her.

"No, no, dear Oscar, not so!" she said. "There is a bright future for you if you are patient and brave. Do you think that I and Edith are so helpless in our

love that we cannot frustrate the hate which has so unaccountably pursued you?" she continued, with a bright smile that brought back all the old bloom and loveliness.

"That is only just saying I am dragging you into the mire of my unhappy degradation," returned Oscar, sadly. "I am not quite so lost to all manliness and honour, Gladys, as to accept your benefits without a terrible pang. Fancy my watching you toiling at that unhappy lace work hour after hour—you who ought only to purchase and wear it instead of toiling your very fingers to the bone in that style."

The girl laughed gaily.

"Come, come, Oscar, it is very insulting to my talents that you should treat the production so cavalierly. Please to survey the fabric, sir, and then tell me whether it is at all as despicable as you would make out."

And as she spoke she exhibited her handiwork on the dark background of the table-cover that disguised the aspect of the deal top by its ample folds.

The young man gave an impatient glance at the fairy web.

"Yes, yes, it is very pretty, and I am sure very clever, Gladys, but that does not alter the fact that you, a baronet's daughter, have to work with your hands for a subsistence, and then chaffer and beg of the miserable vendors of such trumpery for their custom. Bah! it is infamous—intolerable!"

And he hid his face with the arms that had but now been impatiently extended towards the spot where the work materials lay.

"Nevertheless, I am going to try my fate with these same chaffers in such goods," laughed the girl, with real or constrained gaiety. "The lace is finished now, Oscar, and do you know what I am going to ask for it?—a guinea a yard, and, what is more, I am not afraid but that I shall get it."

The young man shuddered.

There was something so utterly repugnant to him in the idea of that high-bred, refined creature bargaining for the price of work that her own delicate fingers had wrought, and what was yet more miserable, that it was for his sake that the ordeal was endured.

"Is it really come to that? Have we nothing left?" said Oscar, at last. "Must you be exposed to such indignity, Gladys?"

"Take another view, and call it honour!" cried the girl, cheerfully. "I do believe I shall be prouder of the golden guineas I earn by my own industry than ten times the sum, as I have had it, and squandered it away in other ways. There, now I

will measure it—let me see—it is one—two—three—six—twelve yards—why, it will fetch twelve guineas, and that will pay for—well, never mind, it will be very—very useful, dear Oscar. So now, adieu, for an hour or so."

She sprang up the narrow staircase and in a few minutes returned enveloped in the mantle and u—that a chill April day even now made comfortable, but which the girl rather preferred as a disguise to her form and features than for their actual necessity.

Gladys had by this time learnt the difficult lessons of adversity so well that she emerged from the little cottage without the chill tremor that she would have felt at even a minute's helpless solitude in the thronged metropolis, and she walked briskly towards a turning where she knew that an omnibus would pass.

She entered the vehicle with as calm and fearless an air as if such a mode of transit was not most utterly foreign and repugnant to her habits and instincts.

But her thick veil and simple dress were sure preservatives against any chance of molestation which her loveliness and grace might well have challenged from rude and thoughtless wayfarers.

She gladly alighted, however, from the crowded vehicle and then made her way to the shop in Regent Street, where she expected to find a demand for her beautiful lacework.

"I have brought some yards of the pattern you selected. I shall finish more as quickly as possible," she said, as the master of the concern conducted her into an inner parlour that served as a retreat for the conduct of such business as he had now in hand with his fair employée.

He examined the work as attentively as if it were through a microscope.

"How many yards are there, do you say?" he returned, after the inspection had, as it seemed, ended satisfactorily.

"Twelve. I shall complete the whole order in another week, but at present I thought you would wish to have enough for the lady you spoke of," said the girl, timidly.

"Oh, yes, I understand. You want your money, but I really cannot give it you till the whole thing is completed, miss," said the man, folding up the delicate lace. "We have so much of that kind of thing among our lady workers, and then perhaps we never see them more, so I have made it a rule not to risk prepayment."

It was a blow little expected by the young girl. She had been industriously toiling to get the work

finished, hoping to be able thus to get some luxuries for her brother, which she had prudently set apart to last a certain time for necessary expenses would not permit, and now at least another weary fortnight must be endured, and Oscar's strength might fail in the meantime, so as to render the stimulants and other comforts less efficient and more slow in their effect.

"Indeed, indeed, you may trust me," she said, softly. "I will not fail in my promise; but it is slow work to do, and I cannot engage to let you have the rest under a fortnight. Could you not be so very kind as to make me some little advance?" she said, pleadingly.

There was a strong appeal in her eyes and face that even the man of business could not resist.

"Well, well, I don't mind just giving you a little if you really need it," he said. "Are you getting your living in this way, young lady?" he asked, looking at her delicate features with some slight appearance of pity.

"It is very necessary to me, at any rate," she replied, gravely. "and I thank you so very much for your kindness. I will not be one day longer than I can, I assure you."

"Very well, then; I will give you five pounds on account. But you must let me have your address, Miss Vandeleur," he said, calling to a young man in the shop as he spoke: "Bring me the address-book, please."

The girl hesitated. She did not wish to give her abode even to this stranger, but of course she could scarcely refuse without exciting some suspicion.

It would have been better, she thought, to have given a false name in her present circumstances, but then she was all so unused to dissimulation of any kind and she had involuntarily given the true and familiar appellation when first asked to do so when applying to Mr. Sanderson for employment, so there was no alternative now but to complete the deception by giving her abode, and she did so, in a bold, clear hand, and she repeated it to him, and then he carried the book back through the door, which had been left open during the scene.

Gladys did not remark that there were customers in the shop who could certainly, if they chose, catch the words repeated by the louder voice of the accurate official.

She was too eagerly intent on getting away from the whole scene and returning to Oscar in triumph with some of the comforts and the amusements she had planned for him when this money was forthcoming.

So she received the bank-note, signed a receipt, and then rapidly walked through the shop, unimpeded of any of the persons who were occupying seats at the counter, lounging in careless idleness, while their brisker companions were making their purchases.

But one at least of these idlers gave a quick, keen look at the young girl as she passed by the door where he was leaning, and in a few minutes he had left the shop, though scarcely soon enough to have the intention of following or joining the young girl in her return home, even if the exit was at all connected with her movements.

Meanwhile Gladys hastily walked through the crowded street.

She once thought of taking a cab as a more safe and quick mode of regaining her home, but then the vague fear of affording any trace to her residence made her change her idea, and she once more sought the shelter of the more ordinary and unnoticed public vehicle that she had before used in her journeyings.

She hastened home in the eager anxiety to procure for her beloved Oscar the comforts that her earnings would enable her to purchase, and as she approached the house her pace was even more swift than her wont, but the fluttering of her heart compelled her to stop for a brief moment as she came to the little gate.

She fancied that she could discern a figure in the small apartment that certainly was not Oscar's tall, slender form.

She heard voices in the distance, that could not belong to her brother and the small servant, who was the only other tenant of the little tenement.

Her heart beat with fearful throbbings at the terrible idea.

She might have been the innocent cause of revealing Oscar's hiding-place, and her limbs trembled so violently that she could scarcely calm her agitation sufficiently to enter the cottage.

But there did not appear to be any hard or angry talking or noise to alarm in the room, and, with a determined effort at composure, she opened the door and passed along the tiny passage to the door of the room, where the voices were still to be heard, in low but distinct tones.

Again the girl paused to listen. Again she rested

her hand on the door handle ere she ventured to turn the lock.

But in another moment her feelings were changed, as by magic, from agony of alarm to joy.

The accents were too familiar and far too friendly to be mistaken for those of an enemy.

And then the girl's face flushed up in a bright and grateful glow, and if she delayed in opening the door that divided her from those she was so eager to meet, it was rather from a wish to hide any degree of agitation and tell-tale flutter than the reluctance to join the pair within.

No, she could not be mistaken.

The tones of that familiar voice were too well remembered for her to be in doubt as to the speaker.

And when she at last opened the door and walked quietly into the apartment she soon perceived that her impressions were true and correct.

The companion of her brother she loved so well, and who was so entirely the object of her present care and thought, was no other than the relative who had so won on her young heart, even before their actual meeting.

It was Cecil, Lord Dupuy, who was in the close converse with the unfortunate and ill-used if erring Oscar.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE festivities were over at Dupuy Castle that had induced as new and remarkable a connection between the long-estranged and inimical families of Lord Delmeire and Sir Lewis Vandeleur; and the baronet and his daughter were once more in the solitary abode which was the heritage of the only son of the long-deceased race.

And Wenna was sitting in her accustomed seat, between the window and the fire that was even at that date blazing in her sitting-room, when her father entered the apartment.

"I have remarkable news for you, my son," he said, placing himself near her, with a look that had more satisfaction than displeasure in it. "Your sister has quitted some time since the protection of Lady Merivale and has taken up her abode—with whom do you guess?"

Wenna flushed deeply and there was a look of alarm in her face that half amused him by its telltale revelation of the real feelings of her heart.

"Not with him—I mean with Lord Dupuy, papa?" she said, in a low tone.

"Scarcely, Wenna," returned her father, with as reproachful a tone as he ever used to his favourite daughter. "It is, I should hope, an impossible degradation to a daughter of my house. No, it only proves a perversity and rebellion which fully justify my opinion and conduct. No, Wenna, it is not quite so monstrous as that. It is with Oscar, your discarded and exiled brother, that Gladys has chosen to take up her abode, and thus entirely throw down the gauntlet against me."

Wenna started in evident and genuine surprise.

"Papa, surely I heard—you told me that Oscar was dying, or dead, though as yet you did not intend that it should be announced, till you had arranged your plans and ascertained all the particulars."

Sir Lewis smiled approvingly.

"You are a girl after my own heart, Wenna, in your complete submission to my will and opinions, while yet you have such excellent sense in your own ideas and views. It seems that Gladys, by some means, did also learn that Oscar was ill, no doubt from his own folly and dissipation, and either with or without Lady Merivale's sanction she went to him and succeeded in the very doubtful service of restoring him, or, at any rate, of saving his life, for a much more miserable fate."

"And what do you intend to do, papa? Do you mean to bring her home again at once? Do you really know where she is?" asked Wenna, anxiously.

"It was just for that purpose, I mean for the purpose of preparing you for my intentions and determination respecting your sister, so that there may be no mistake or opposition on your part," returned Sir Lewis, firmly. "Not that you have ever disobeyed me, Wenna, but still I can pardon some little feeling of regret where an only sister is in question."

Wenna's large eyes were opened to their fullest extent as she waited for the next words.

"Go on, papa, please," she said, perceiving that he hesitated as to the remainder of his communication.

"It is just this, Wenna," he resumed. "From the time that Gladys took the position of my eldest daughter and head of my house she has displayed a degree of rebellious disregard of my wishes that brought on her the just punishment of losing my affections and interest in her happiness. But still I intended that she should have the proper share of my wealth, so far as a girl of her station might reasonably expect to be portioned, though not as a

favourite and obedient child should have received. But now it is different, quite different."

And again he paused, as if conscious of some difficulty in enunciating his next commands.

"Now," he resumed, at length, "my resolution is taken. Gladys has thrown off my authority, she has deserted her home, and to that home I do not intend she shall return. Wenna, from this moment, you need not consider that you have a sister, you are now my only child."

Wenna did certainly waver under this stern and ominous announcement.

She did feel that there was a degree of isolation and even insecurity in such a position.

The same will, the same immovable and harsh nature that so abruptly and coolly discarded an only son and a first-born daughter might well in its turn apply the same measure to herself.

How should she meet a similar verdict, a stern sentence without appeal? Would it come to her turn?

It was the first idea that occurred to the mind of the favourite child of Sir Lewis, and yet, to do her justice, there was a mingling of regret that could scarcely be absent from her mind where her only and most gentle sister was in question.

"I shall not disclose you, papa," she returned, calmly. "I do not intend to argue points and matters that do not belong to me. But still you cannot wonder if I am rather astonished and grieved about this, though I do not care much, of course, about Oscar, whom I had never seen scarcely."

If Gladys loves Oscar, and if, as you say, he comes to grief, papa, might not Gladys marry to her senses—and to the Castle at the same time?" she added with a half-smile.

Sir Lewis gave a slight but not unkindly smile and answered from that moment that he knew her sufficient time to mean his daughter she had on dangers as ground.

"No, Wenna, let that be understood now for ever. Gladys will not return here, not with my consent; you will never see her more."

"Then where is she to be? What do you mean to do with her, papa?" asked Wenna, doubtfully.

"I might certainly refuse to satisfy you, Wenna, but you have to some degree deserved my confidence and I do not mind telling you some portion, at any rate, of my plans," he replied. "So soon as I have managed to separate her from the dangerous communication with her brother that is doing so much mischief to all connected with them I shall place Gladys in a suitable home till she is of age and no longer under my control. Then I shall settle a small sufficiency on her and leave her to do as she pleases, so long as she does not bring any disgrace on our name."

It was a crushing revelation, and so even Wenna could not but consider it.

To one so fair and young and innocent of all save a too generous spirit the punishment was a severe and terrible injustice, and Wenna had sufficient knowledge of the truth to perceive at least some portion of its cruelty.

"Papa, what will Lord Dupuy say to such a proceeding? Do you not think that he has some sort of interest in Gladys?" she asked, nervously. "It might give him a very wrong idea of me if he landed I had any share in the proceeding."

"An obedient daughter makes a good wife, Wenna, and so far as you are concerned Cecil knows that you have quite advantages enough for him to pass over any such sentimental ideas. In plain English," added Sir Lewis, "Cecil cannot do without you, Wenna, that is, he will be ruined unless such wealth as I can give you saves him from the crash. He admired you, as any man of taste must, and he will soon get over this morbid nonsense when he is master of my broad lands and gold."

"In any case, Wenna," he went on, "it is to be as I have said, and I require from you a solemn promise that you will not in any way communicate with Gladys till I may see fit to take off the prohibition, which is about as likely as that I shall forgive and recall Oscar to the rights to which he is presumed to have been born."

Wenna inclined her head with a grave and thoughtful air.

"It is a very serious and sad business, papa," she said. "But of course it must be for you to decide what is best. I have never, as you say, disobeyed you, and I do not wish to begin to resist when I am the only one left to be of any comfort to you."

"And you shall be repaid, richly repaid, my darling," exclaimed Sir Lewis, with what was for him a most unwonted burst of tenderness. "You shall be a peeress, Wenna, and sole heiress of my wealth, unless I am most strangely and unwarrantably thwarted in my expectations. The purpose of many long years will not be very easily abandoned at the first appeal that will come to me. From this hour I have

no other child but you, Wenna, and I do not fear you will betray my trust in you."

The girl's heart beat high and her eyes flashed and blazed at the splendid prospect opening before her.

"What use could it be for her to attempt any remonstrance or resistance to that iron will? She would but destroy all her own fondest and proudest hopes without doing the slightest good to the banished and discarded ones who were the objects of her father's wrath."

"Very well, papa, I suppose you have a full right in every way to govern me," she replied. "I will promise and keep it to the very utmost of my ability."

"Good. Now then for the next arrangement," resumed Sir Lewis. "I shall take such measures as will expedite the plans I have at heart, and you, Wenna, may make up your mind to an early bridal, though it may be that I shall wait till you have been presented as my heiress before I finally close my negotiations with Lord Deimos. It may even suit me quite as well for you to marry elsewhere, but that will all depend on circumstances that at present are beyond my control."

Wenna looked anxiously at Sir Lewis. It was a hint of evil omen, a shadow of the very fear she had entertained that the day might come when she would in her turn be exposed to the test under which her brother and sister had fallen.

She loved Cecil Dupuy, she would sacrifice much for the one great happiness of becoming his wife, and yet she shrewdly guessed that should obstacles arise in the path or ambition get the mastery over her father's wayward resolve she might be ordered to give up Cecil for a nobler and more wealthy suitor.

However, Wenna was too young and confident in her own powers to be seriously alarmed at such phantasms, and, with an actual sensation of relief as great as either Oscar or Gladys could have experienced at the respite, she saw her father rise and, after a grave, slight caress that was intended to seal the compact, leave her alone in the apartment.

Yes, alone, to think over the prospects that glittered so brilliantly before her, to contrast the love and wealth and luxury which were awaiting her with the obscure poverty, exclusion and disgrace that would be the portion of her more rash and rebellious sister, The Countess of Deimos, the heiress and the sole representative of the Vandeleurs, the wife of the only man she felt would ever actually win her heart.

What could be more imposing to her ambitious, proud nature?

What could present more tempting and more animating views?

Wenna closed her eyes as if to enjoy them to the very full.

She recalled each word and look of Cecil when they had been together during that memorable week, and strove to believe that it had been love and admiration that they had conveyed.

She looked at herself suddenly in the opposite mirror, which reflected a face which no one could pass by unnoticed.

She recalled her own gifts and acquirements that ought to make her congenial to Cecil's tastes, and a companion he would select for his own life-long happiness.

But still something told her that she was but flattering herself with vain imaginings, and that Gladys had an interest for him she herself had never possessed.

Did some mesmeric sympathy whisper to her that at that moment Cecil was sitting at the side of the banished daughter of Sir Lewis Vandeleur?

CHAPTER XLII.

PERHAPS among the various trials, and tests of self-control that Gladys Vandeleur had gone through during her short life there had seldom been one more immediately and also more personally trying than the sudden joy and relief of that meeting with her noble-minded kinsman.

Poor girl, it was so long since she had seen a friendly face—since she had listened to kind and high-bred tones, and felt the support of a true and manly nature, in all her efforts and anxieties, that the very consciousness of Cecil's presence was in itself sufficient to warm her heart and send the blood coursing rapidly through her veins.

And when the maiden consciousness of a real though concealed love was added to these emotions there was little wonder if the girl's first impulse was to yield to the irresistible temptation and berate a flood of joyful tears.

But luckily her pride came to the rescue before the betrayal of what she kept so completely secret, and, after a moment's pause, she advanced, with her usual gentle grace, to meet Cecil's eager greeting.

"Shall I scold or pry you, naughty cousin, mine?"

said the young man, with a playfulness that Gladys well appreciated in its considerate delicacy. "Why did you hide yourself in this tantalizing way from those who love and are interested in you? It has only been through an accident that I have discovered you in this secluded bower," he added, glancing laughingly round the tiny apartment.

"In this miserable doll's house," exclaimed Oscar, impatiently, his mortification and pleasure at the cousin's visit contending for mastery in a degree that by no means calmed or improved the gloomy irritation that had been increased so terribly by his late trials and consequent illness. "Lord Dupuy can scarcely imagine any living creature existing in such a hole, Gladys," he added, turning to his sister.

"Lord Dupuy decidedly objects to having such an unkindly appellation from you, Oscar, and still more to have his sentiments boiled in such wholesale fashion. I am only wondering at the charm that your sister's taste and refinement have cast over such a tiny and fairy cottage. But a truce to such useless talk," he went on, glancing at the now pale and anxious features that were even more touching to him in their fragile delicacy of hue and sadness of expression than they had been when he first saw them in Lady Merivale's sitting-room at Sothampton in all their youthful freshness and bloom.

"We will talk rather of the future than the past, Gladys," he went on, placing a chair for the young girl, who had now divested herself of her hat and cloak, and exhibited more plainly the ravages that fatigue and care and privation had made in her slight form and beautiful face. "You must not remain here. It is scarcely a place for an invalid quickly to gain strength, though it does not at all deserve the libel cast on it by Oscar's valetudinarian fancies."

It was for Gladys to colour and look embarrassed now.

"It cannot be yet, Lord Dupuy," she said, earnestly. "I know it would be very desirable after a time, but at present it is impossible, is it not, Oscar?" she added, turning to her brother with a beseeching air, to assist in confirming her statement.

But Oscar was either too much engrossed or too much annoyed at the actual realities of his position to appear at all conscious of the appeal.

"I cannot quite see it, I confess," returned Lord Dupuy. "There can be no real reason why you should remain in this special locality and this special cottage. Are you really determined to stick to your first choice, Gladys?" he added, in the same half-jesting tone that veiled in him such true and earnest feeling.

"I do not see any possibility of changing unless we were going to run most insane risks," said the girl, firmly. "It is no use to attempt to deceive you, Lord Dupuy," she went on, without more futile endeavour to enlist Oscar on her side, "the truth is that Oscar is in danger if he were to be discovered during the present time. He is safe here, I hope and believe, and besides, it is better for us in every respect. Still, we are so glad to see you, and we trust you must entirely, do we not, dear Oscar?" she went on, turning to her brother.

Oscar's brow lowered. Perhaps the thought that he was thus painfully revealed in all his humiliation to Edith's brother, that it might be all revealed to that fair girl, if only as a complete cure for any lingering interest in him, made the task of confession more painful to his proud spirit. Still it must be made.

"Yes, certainly, Gladys is right," he observed, after a constrained pause. "It is of the most vital consequence that our retreat should not be discovered," he went on. "And this place suits at once our concealment and our means. It is better to say so frankly, though by no means a pleasant confession for a Vandeleur to make."

"Say rather it is natural confidence from one kinsman to another, especially when there is almost an adopted brotherhood between us," said Cecil, frankly, all unmindful of the interpretation that might doubtless be placed on his words. "No, Oscar, believe me that at least you will not be betrayed; if you will not be assisted, by me in your present scrape. The truth is, that I am far more powerless than you might imagine, or I would soon come to the rescue," he went on, with a sadness that went to the heart of one at least of his listeners.

Gladys, like a true woman, could bear pain and suffering far more cheerfully for herself than those she loved.

"Thanks, grateful thanks," said Oscar, more cordially than he had yet spoken; "but the fact is that it is simply impossible without danger and compromise of others that I can fully explain the extent and nature of my danger. So much certainly is patent to the world that I was idiot and madman enough to go to the altar with a woman I could not and did not love, and that my brain gave way under the trial, that is all I can tell even that heroic little

sister of mine," he went on, with a loving glance that went farther to prepetuate Cecil than the most earnest gratitude and professions would have done.

"Then I ask no more details," he returned, kindly. "At the same time it is, I suppose, tolerably safe to conclude that you were driven to such extremities by some special cause, and I suppose," he went on, sadly, "it was the old, old tale of want of money—the hateful source of more than one-half of one's troubles, I believe."

There was a bitter emphasis in his words that gave Gladys an idea of their yet more painful and personal application than even to the unfortunate Oscar, and her large, soft eyes were fixed with a dangerous and tender interest on his face.

Oscar was more unobservant or more engrossed, and he only answered, carelessly, in the same cynical tone:

"That is a safe guess, anyway, Cecil. I was no worse villain, I suppose, than my neighbours, and certainly did nothing more to court my fate."

Cecil Dupuy's bronzed cheek flushed deeply at the words, that seemed to bear so vividly and forcibly on his own position.

Was not he half-pledged to the same rash and dangerous sacrifice in which the sister of those two doomed and suffering ones would be the chief actress?

But still there was a loophole of escape, and now, when he had discovered the actual existence of the heir of Vandeleur, the chief argument and the most powerful motive for the experiment at last collapsed into almost nothingness.

"Well, well, Oscar, we will not speak more of these matters," he said, cheerily. "Let us rather think of what will be your wisest course in the present emergency. Now I am, as I said before, far more helpless than you would perhaps imagine and even where money is in question I have not quite as unlimited licence as ought to belong to an earl's only son."

"Still I am neither an invalid nor a gentle, fragile woman," he added, with a tender glance at Gladys that spoke volumes to the girl's softened and susceptible heart, "and I can at any rate arrange your safe removal to a more distant and a more agreeable residence. Will you permit me to do this?—will you accept the interference as that of an anxious and affectionate brother?" he continued, smiling.

His eyes were not turned on Gladys as he spoke. Perhaps she was not altogether aggrieved that his words were directed to her brother.

Oscar hesitated; there was a timid horror in his nerves that shrank from change, even though he revolted from the humble and confined tenement in which they were sheltering.

"You are very, very kind," he said; "but I am a coward at heart, Cecil. I feel like a rat in a hole, and that if I emerged from my den I should be caught in a trap. Doubtless altogether contemptuous, I have had such a shake as few fellows can stand unmoved," he went on, earnestly.

Cecil's lips quivered painfully. There was more than met the eye or the knowledge of the suffering and preoccupied man before him in his agitation.

He knew, what they could not, that the very life of Oscar Vandeleur was to him actual ruin and misery.

Yet it was for him to help and to save. It was for him to be true to the helpless ones he had sought and who looked to him as their only friend and counsellor.

"Hurry, Oscar," he said, at length, "unless I am deceived and do you great injustice, you have but to keep your courage and patience, and all your trials must be at an end. You are the heir of unnumbered estates and an unsustained name, your troubles must be at an end in due time, when those who have been your enemies will be prostrate in the grave."

"Tell me frankly, Oscar, what can be done to shelter and help you. Are you safe from danger so long as you are concealed? Is there any penalty that you will run if you do not appear boldly to meet it? Such things are," he added, significantly, "and I warn you, as a near relative and true friend, to beware of such a risk."

The unfortunate one's face was agitated as by a sudden convulsion while Cecil spoke in a calm, under tone and the convulsive working of his countenance was far more painful and forcible evidence than words to the senses of his acute and thoughtful kinsman.

"I care not. I am ruined, doomed, but still an innocent man, Cecil," exclaimed Oscar, suddenly clasping his hands and gazing on the manly bronzed features that had such a world of thought and goodness in their lineaments.

"If you and Gladys and those I love best but trust and believe me, it is enough. I can suffer and die, rather than repeat the degrading farce that nearly brought me to a madhouse or the grave!"

A silence more expressive than words followed this passionate outburst.

Cecil's eyes were fixed as it were on vacancy, but their expression was more eloquent than usual to the earnest and sympathizing heart of Gladys Vandellour.

She knew it not—she did not act on such a supposition.

Yet it was true and certain that the grief and contest visible in Cecil Dupuy's manly and earnest face was more touching, more heart-rending than even the sorrows of the brother whom she had sacrificed so much to save and soothe.

The next moment the emotion passed away and Cecil was himself again.

"I think I can comprehend tolerably well what you wish and all that you dread, Oscar, and I will consider fully and deliberately what you can do in your temporary trouble. I will come again as soon as I can arrange everything personally for you, and till then you will not move in the matter whatever may happen, will you, dear Gladys?" he whispered, softly.

The accents went to the girl's heart.

Her instincts told her what they meant, and also how truly they were vibrated in every chord of her own feelings.

Cecil, her guide, her deliverer, her help!

What could she desire more?

What consolation could be more powerful and more sweet than the anxious cares of him, the true if secret lover?

And in look and heart as well as in voice her pledge was given.

"No, Cecil, no, not till you speak the word."

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE ROSE CHIEFTAIN;

OR,

THE DISPUTED CROWN.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER a serious defeat of the Red Rose warriors at Blackheath the contest between the rival houses took a new aspect.

Salisbury, rejoicing in a victory so decisive as that which had just been gained, formed a junction with the duke's forces, and Richard Plantagenet, believing that his life would be in danger as long as Margaret of Anjou maintained such an ascendancy over the king, resolved on a bolder course.

Setting up his standard at Ludlow, the duke summoned his friends to join him, and troops from various parts of England flocked to the rendezvous, but, through the treachery of an officer belonging to the Warwick force, their plans were betrayed and the White Rose chieftains were obliged to flee.

The Duchess of Kent and Lionel Richmond, who had been commissioned to bear the painful tidings, were made prisoners and thrown into the Tower, and the Lancastrian rule became even more tyrannical.

But this state of affairs was not to continue long, and the following summer, while Richard Plantagenet was in Ireland and the Lord High Admiral guarding the Channel, the brave Warwick once more sailed for England.

It was in vain that Exeter endeavoured to perform his duty; on sea and land Warwick was a great favourite, and not a sailor would lift an anchor or hoist a sail to thwart his purposes.

When he landed at Sandwich his force was small, but as he marched towards London his ranks swelled till on reaching Blackheath he had thirty thousand gallant men-at-arms.

Henry and Margaret of Anjou were still at Coventry, and the deafening cheers which greeted the patriotic hero as he entered the capital told that the popular heart was true to the White Rose.

When the news reached the royal pair, immediate measures were taken to resist the invasion. Heavy loans were obtained from the clergy and the nobles who favoured the Lancastrians and a large army raised.

Leaving a suitable force to defend London and storm the Tower Warwick resumed his march, and at length halted near Northampton.

Meanwhile the Red Rose warriors, confident of their own strength, crossed the Norn, and Lord Gray leading the van, the royal party passed through the river and encamped hard by the Abbey of Delapre.

The camp was now busy as a beehive with preparations for the approaching contest. High banks were raised and deep trenches formed, and then they waited the coming of the foe.

It was on a dismal morning, when the clouds hung heavy about the towers of Northampton, and

the rain fell drearily, that Warwick ordered his army to advance towards the old town.

At length they passed "the cross erected" two centuries ago in memory of Eleanor of Castile, and swept on to the encounter, Warwick's tall form towering grandly in front, and Edward Plantagenet bearing the White Rose banner.

A gorgeous tent had been pitched in the Lancastrian camp, and there the king remained to watch the battle.

The scenes of St. Alban's and Blackheath were soon renewed; war-horses dashed to and fro as their riders advanced or retreated, swords and lances shivered, battle-axes clashed, and archers, with their bows and arrows, their pikes and glaives, did fearful execution.

Twilight was approaching when the Yorkists attacked the entrenched camp at Delapre, but, though the struggle was vigorously maintained, the rain had rendered the artillery incapable of doing the service which had been expected, and, besides, Lord Grey, in the heat of action, betrayed his trust and deserted to the ranks of the enemy.

Terrible panic now pervaded the king's army, and, though the conflict was maintained two hours afterwards, the royal troops were soon flying through the night in the wild hope of finding some refuge for their crushed hearts and weary limbs.

It is said that when intelligence reached London the delight of the populace knew no bounds, and the keeper of the Tower, whose severity had aroused the popular indignation, attempted to flee in disguise, but was detected and brought to summary retribution.

When Edward Plantagenet rushed into that grim prison-house to rescue his mother, the Duchess of York, and Lionel Richmond, if they were indeed living, he snatched the keys and flew from corridor to corridor, from door to door.

Finally, as he turned the key in the rusty lock and flung open the massive door, a low voice murmured:

"My son Edward!" and he was clasped in his mother's arms.

When the first eager queries and answers had been exchanged, he resumed his search, and soon succeeded in finding Lionel.

"Lionel," he exclaimed, "you are free! The White Rose is again triumphant. But I have a revelation for your ears which will throw light on Lady Valencia's fate. During the Battle of Northampton Jasper de Vere and Lord Percy fell, and, changing to pass the latter ere he died, he confessed that when Lady Valencia Lyndhurst had slighted his love it had been turned to hate and he had vowed vengeance. By a cruel stratagem he had induced her to start for Woodcote and then took her attendants captive and, bearing them to London, brought them to a secret trial and doomed them to drag out their lives in the Tower. Lionel, if she is alive she must be here."

Trembling from head to foot, Richmond joined the brother of his adoption and they walked on, the former calling, with a lover's tenderness in his tones:

"Valencia! Valencia!"

A faint cry, scarcely louder than the moan of a wounded dove, answered him. In another instant the keys had been transferred to his keeping, and he stood face to face with Valencia Lyndhurst.

The gracefully-rounded form had been wasted to a shadow, the cheek was haggard, the lips white and parched, but Heaven's peace shone in the soft brown eyes and the whole countenance wore a sweet serenity.

"At last—at last we meet!" faltered the young man, gathering her to his heart with the old fondness.

"Heaven is merciful!" cried the girl, "my prayers are answered."

"I know all now," cried Richmond. "Lord Percy revealed his guilt before he died on the battle-field, and mayhap it is well, for were it otherwise I might follow him with a revenge no less manly than his."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay," responded Valencia, solemnly. "In my solitary cell I have learned forgiveness, faith, trust."

"Dear, dear Valencia," exclaimed Richmond, "Heaven grant that you may live to teach me these sweet lessons, to shed sunshine into my home and heart."

On emerging from the Tower Edward Plantagenet and his mother, Lionel and the Lady Valencia were hailed with loud acclamations, and their progress to Baynard Castle was almost a triumphant march.

Golden-robed October came, and a Parliament, which had been summoned in the king's name, convened at Westminster, in the Painted Chamber, for centuries held sacred as the place where St. Edward had breathed his last and regarded with admiration on account of the pictures representing incidents of the Confessor's life.

In the seat of state sat Henry VI., wearing a

monarch's purple and ermine, and with the crown jewels flashing out a thousand changeful hues as the sun shot across the diadem so long and fiercely disputed.

The Bishop of Exeter opened Parliament with what the chronicles term a notable declaration, taking for his text, "Congregata populum, sanctificata ecclesiam," and both Houses then commenced business, repealing the various acts passed at Coventry and declaring that Parliament had not been duly elected.

While these events were transpiring in London Richard Plantagenet was journeying toward the capital, and three days subsequent to the meeting of Parliament he entered the city with clarions sounding, banners flying and an unsheathed sword carried before him.

Dismounting from his superb steed at Westminster with an air of princely stateliness, he took his way to House of Lords.

With a firm step he moved to the throne, grasped the cloth of gold and glanced round as if he would fain read the hearts of the peers in their faces.

At this juncture the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been with the king, stalked in and greeted his grace with the usual deference.

"Will not my lord of York go and pay his respects to the king?" asked the archbishop.

The crimson surged over Richard Plantagenet's face as he replied:

"I know no one to whom I owe that title."

The duke's response was communicated to Henry, and, following, he formally took possession of the palace. He then returned to the Parliament and, striding erect and majestic on the steps of the throne, eloquently presented his claim to the crown, as the heir of Lionel of Clarence.

When he concluded the peers sat as if some magician's spell had settled upon them; not a word was breathed, not a significant glance was exchanged, and, exclaiming:

"Think of this matter, my lords. I have taken my course, take yours!" he left the Painted Chamber.

It was now resolved that the question should be argued by counsel at the bar, and a decree having been issued that every man might freely and indifferently speak his mind without fear of impeachment, it was debated for several days.

Finally the peers were forced to a decision, and it was announced that Richard Plantagenet had made out his claim, but as Henry had from infancy worn the crown he should continue king during his life, and York, who meanwhile was to guide the affairs of state, should ascend the throne after his royal kinsman's death.

Both parties seemed satisfied, and on the Feast of All Saints Plantagenet and two of his sons appeared in Parliament and took oath to abide by the decision.

The heirs of John of Gaunt and Lionel of Clarence rode together to St. Paul's in token of friendship, and ere long York was publicly proclaimed heir to the crown and protector to the realm.

And the king, how did he meet his reverse?

His deportment was such that the protector felt that he had little to fear from him; but it was not so with the vain, ambitious, unprincipled Margaret of Anjou, and, resolving she should not grace York's triumph, she fled with her son toward the bishopric of Durham.

Changing her determination, however, the queen set out for North Wales and found refuge in Harlech Castle.

There, on that isolated cliff, whose base was often white with ocean spray, the fair exile recalled the scenes of her court life and pined like a caged bird for liberty.

Leaving her to her loneliness, we will follow the fortunes of Richard Plantagenet, his family, and Lady Valencia and cast a passing glance at Bonibell Seymour and Ralph Montague.

The Duke of York's return to Ludlow after the stirring events which had transpired in London was a conqueror's triumphal march. Every city, even the smallest hamlets, had some testimonial of regard, and amid cheers, bonfires, and the illuminations which were in vogue in those primitive days, he made his way homewards.

When he reached his own neighbourhood he found his escutcheon flaunting from the watch-towers of the ards de triumphe rising above his head and white roses strewn beneath his feet.

His grounds were gay with tents, pavilions and booths, merry masquers came and went on the lawn, troubadours and harpers were group'd beneath the tall trees, pages and grooms were flitting to and fro, clad in fresh liveries, and the mottoes "Welcome, Plantagenet," "Long live the White Rose of England," embroidered by fair hands, greeted his kindling eye as it roved over the fairy-like scene.

A sudden bugle blast sounded through the air as he reached the stone steps heralding his arrival, and in a few minutes he stood before the noble duchess in the lofty reception-room.

A brief conversation ensued, and then the duke asked, with a significant smile, "Are all in readiness to proceed to the chapel?"

"Yes, Richard. There the bridal party are."

At that moment the glitter of jewels, the rustle of rich robes and the soft gleam of lace transferred the attention of the guests, and, exclaiming: "Lead on, my father, to the chapel. We wait your pleasure," Lionel Richmond paused with his companions in the spacious vestibule.

"Ay, lad," cried the duke. "Methinks there is a lover's impatience in your tones and I will not keep you waiting long."

And, offering his arm to the duchess with knightly grace, he led her into the grounds, followed by the bridal train.

On, on they swept, till they reached a chapel, whose quaint architecture and ivy-draped walls formed a picturesque feature of the scenery around the seat of the Plantagenet at Ludlow.

The doors were ajar, and the wedding party, with their plumes and baldriks and white favours, was soon gathered around the altar.

We doubt if the sun which shot through the great chancel window ever shone over a fairer bride than the lady leaning on Richard Plantagenet's arm, for since her escape from the Tower Valentinia Lyndhurst had regained her girlish beauty. Through the pearly clearness of her complexion a rich bloom glowed, like light through alabaster or the flush of wine through a crystal chalice; her brown eyes had never seemed so sunny, her lips never dimpled into such smiles, while her hair flashed out all its wealth of gold and seemed to encircle her head like a halo.

The white splendour of her bridal robe, the airy veil floating about her, the diamonds which formed her bridal crown harmonized with her style of beauty, and Lionel Richmond, with his erect bearing, his tunic of amber velvet, his flashing baldric and the broad brow from which his hair had been swept back with a careless grace, seemed worthy to mate with the noblest in the land.

Richard Plantagenet gave the bride away, and his son Edward stood first groomsmen to his adopted brother. Ralph Montague and his charming wife, Lady Bonibell, were also among the group of groomsmen and bridesmaids, and the elite of the Yorkist families, with the noble Earls of Warwick and Salisbury, were assembled to witness the wedding.

When the solemn rites were over Lionel Richmond imprinted a reverent kiss on her brow and murmured:

"Valentinia, my wife!"

As the gay pageant emerged from the chapel they found a crowd of Yorkist retainers gathered about it, and their shouts and acclamations made the welkin ring.

"Long live Lord Lionel and Lady Valentinia!" was the cry that passed from lip to lip, and the throng followed the wedding party till they were lost to sight within.

Appearing on the balcony, however, with his beautiful wife, Richmond warmly expressed his thanks for their good wishes and invited them to the feast which had been prepared for them on the lawn and the dance that would succeed.

Moving into the banquetting-hall the revellers sat down to the bridal banquet, where the health of the White Rose chief and Lady Valentinia was repeatedly drunk in flowing bumpers of claret.

Amid the congratulations offered none were more sincere than Lady Bonibell's, and, drawing her aside when an opportunity was offered, Valentinia exclaimed:

"I need not ask if you are happy. I read it in your face, your voice, your very step."

"Ay, I am happier than I deserve."

"Indeed, I know no one more worthy than you, for I always thought your course most noble and generous, and fear I should not have been equally so in like circumstances, but I have never heard how it was that you became reconciled to Montague."

"List and you shall hear. As you recollect, I had him removed to St. Mary's Convent that I might minister to his wants and he might have the quiet which could not be his in the crowded hospital."

"Yes; he was borne away the day on which Lionel was removed to Beaufort Castle."

"Well," resumed Bonibell, "the longer I watched by him the more I repented of my folly in discharging him for a dream, an illusion, and I often wept over him bitterly when he lay in apparent unconsciousness, attempting to raise his mangled arm and now and then talking of me in a half-delirious strain. One day when he woke from a fitful slumber he found me weeping and asked earnestly and in a tone that thrilled me to the heart:

"Why are those tears, Lady Bonibell?"

"Oh, Ralph Montague," I cried, "they are shed for you."

"For me? how is that? You slighted my love, though I would gladly have laid down my life for your sake."

"Ralph," I rejoined, sinking beside him, "I have repented in sackcloth and ashes. Forgive me, oh, forgive! I have seen things in a different light since the Battle of St. Albans and tried hard to atone for my past coldness and neglect."

"Tears gathered in his eyes, for, brave as he is, his heart is as tender as a woman's, and he replied:

"You have atoned. I forgive you, Bonibell, but do not—do not leave me, I implore you. If I die it will be sweet to have you near me when death comes. If I live mayhap I may yet teach you to love me."

"Time wore wearily on, and during the two months that he remained at St. Mary's I scarcely left him to take needless rest."

"Gradually all the wealth of his love for me, the generosity of his nature, his chivalric sense of honour were unfolded to me and I realized what I had well-nigh thrown away two years before."

"At length he was strong enough to leave my care and return to the ranks of the White Rose army, and the last night of his stay he drew me into the convent garden and, seating me beneath the old pear tree, flung himself at my feet."

"Bonibell, Bonibell!" he murmured. "You have been my good angel, to you I owe my life. There was an hour when I thought we were sundered for ever, but Heaven has once more thrown me into your companionship. You have told me you repented your course towards me, and that emboldens me to ask whether it costs you any struggle to part with me to-day."

"And what was your answer?" queried Lady Valentinia, leaning forward with womanly interest.

"Yes, yes," I whispered, "I shall miss you sadly when you are gone and my prayers will follow you to the battle-field. I am indeed your friend."

"My friend," he echoed, "but this does not satisfy me. I have grown exacting, Bonibell, dearest. May I not hope to hold a dearer relation to you? My love for you is far deeper and more absorbing than ever before, and I pray you let its depth, its fervour plead for me."

"It shall, Ralph," I replied. "I believe I love you already, but I would fain give it a test, for reasons which you shall now know."

"And I frankly told him of my penchant for Lionel Richmond and my course towards you when I saw you for the first time after the battle of St. Albans."

"He smiled as I concluded, and resumed:

"It was but a girlish dream; it will pass away, and, though I honour you for your confidence, no such thing should divide us."

"So it seems to me," I exclaimed, inexpressibly relieved by his assurance, "but for your sake I insist on putting my love to a test; in six months I will give you my final answer."

"Oh, Bonibell, that probation appears an age to me," rejoined Montague, "but I will endeavour to be patient, nevertheless. Love is a solemn thing, and if ever I marry I would have no regrets to darken my future life. Heaven bless you, Bonibell, and thus we parted."

"I went up to London, and during my stay at the capital I saw much of Lionel Richmond, but, thank Heaven, the dream was over, the spell broken, and I felt that I had conquered my love. Ere the six months had passed away I despatched a message which brought Ralph Montague to Woodcliff, and tearfully I assured him that his love was returned. For three years I have been his wife, and though he may flatter me and overrate his happiness, he declares his home an Eden."

And, with a smile which had a dash of its early girlish archness, Lady Montague added:

"We are friends now, Lady Valentinia, it is no hollow farce which exists between us."

"Nay, nay," rejoined Valentinia, and she and Bonibell clasped hands in token that all past bitterness had been swept away.

"I beg pardon for intruding upon your ladyship," said Harold, who was now a handsome young man, and a faithful retainer to the House of York, "but my master wishes to see you in the library, where the marriage settlements have been drawn up, and are ready for signature."

The ladies obeyed the summons, and were soon in a grand old room, rich in the literature of the times, heavy tones of ancient lore, comprised in long rows of parchment, and with a reading and writing desk, two or three quaint tables, and as many ponderous chairs, carved with rare skill and gorgeous with velvet cushions.

The Duke of York stood leaning over his wife's chair.

Lionel Richmond advanced to meet his bride and conducted her to a seat near them, and Edward Plantagenet and the Montagues grouped themselves hard by, while the notary wore a dignified air.

"Before signing the marriage settlements," exclaimed Richard Plantagenet, "I have a secret to reveal. Lionel Richmond, my adopted son, knows little of his early history, and his young wife

nothing. She has loved him for self alone, and therefore deserves his profoundest love and our sincere homage."

"Twenty-five years ago a courier, who had rode with wild speed across the country, brought me a message requesting my immediate presence at a seaport town many a league distant."

"I recognised the messenger as a faithful servant to a near friend, who, though one of the first peers of the realm, by too openly expressing his opinion that Henry the Fifth wore the crown of a usurper, and the suspicion that he had favoured Owen Glendower's conspiracy, had incurred the king's displeasure."

"One of the most unworthy acts of Henry's life was his persecution of my friend, and though he did not meet the fate of many others, he was doomed to perpetual exile."

"When I reached the place where I had been told he was awaiting me the vessel had already put out to sea; but the servant rowed me to him in a small boat, and I soon met him on deck. It was in the gray dawn of the morning and the wind created the waves with foam and filled the white sails."

"My friend held clasped in his arms a boy of two summers, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lad, and, leaning towards me, he said, huskily:

"You have come then?"

"Yes; did you doubt it?"

"Nay, not if you were at Ludlow, but I feared you might be absent and my message be sent you in vain. This is my earthly treasure; his mother and sisters are in their graves, and I shall soon be dead to him. In the life I am to lead I shall have no opportunity to educate him, and to your care I commend my boy, my all!"

"I accept the charge," I replied, "and will rear the child as my adopted son—what is his name?"

"Lionel, and to that you may add his mother's family name, Richmond. When I die, an alien and a wanderer, my title and my princely estates, half of which have been confiscated to the crown, will fall to him, if my royal persecutor is then dead, and Heaven shall see fit to take a representative of the House of York on the throne of England."

"After a brief discussion he folded his boy to his heart with a father's tenderness, and placed him in my arms."

"Begging me to be faithful to his child he turned from me, and I took my way back to the shore, and the following night at a late hour I brought him home to Ludlow."

"My wife was entrusted with the secret, and the boy grew to manhood in our midst, and of his intellect, his accomplishments, his bravery we have been justly proud."

"Ere I left London the foreign post brought me a letter from Germany, and I learned that in an obscure town on the banks of the Danube the exile had died."

"Lady Valentinia, your husband is Marquis and you are Marchioness of Clarendon, and I propose we celebrate your marriage and the restoration of your father's estates by a grand tournament at your ancestral castle."

"Ah! my father, for I must still call you such," rejoined the young man, "I am so overwhelmed by your revelation that I seem to be moving in a dream, but, while I lament the fate of him to whose death I owe my own aggrandizement, I rejoice that I am at least to receive my rights, and Valentinia to be rewarded for her devotion to one whom she loved as a nameless forest."

The fair bride bowed her head and wept for joy, and the eyes of the other ladies were misty with tears; the marriage settlements were now signed, and the next day a splendid cavalcade wound towards Clarendon Castle.

Before the marquis left Ludlow, however, he paid a visit to the grave of the faithful servant who years previously had come to England on a secret mission for his father, and died at Roger Grant's cottage, and there both he and Valentinia dropped a tear to the memory of him who had clung to the wanderer through storm and sunshine.

Clarendon Castle was one of the noblest structures in England, and nothing could have been more brilliant than the scene presented on the day of the tournament.

A herald had summoned the neighbouring gentry, and the lists were soon filled with lords and ladies, marshals and judges.

Lady Valentinia was, of course, queen of beauty; the charming wife of Ralph Montague had the same honour, and the third was selected from a noble family, known to be adherents of the White Rose.

The combatants at length entered the ring and, completely armed and mounted on superb steeds, commenced the mock combat.

The prizes were finally awarded, and after taking off their armour, the successful knights trod the giddy mazes of the festive dance, crowned with laurel, and wearing the colours of the lady in whose honour they had fought.

A long series of entertainments succeeded the wed-

ding of the Marquis of Charedon, and then he and his beautiful bride were left to domestic peace which amply compensated for their past suffering; and during the fifty years of their wedded life Lady Valentin never had cause to regret the confidence she had reposed in the White Rose Chief.

THE END.

EXILED FROM HOME.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISS GEORGINA TOLLISH was a girl of fifteen, short of stature and stout of frame, built up upon the obese pattern of her father. Her face, like his, was round and fat and oily; her eyes were small; her hair was bay-coloured. But, while she resembled him in appearance, she was totally unlike him in character.

He was shrewd and sinister. She had no great depth of mind and was distinguished for her perfect good nature. She had no noble traits of character. If nature had endowed her with any there had been no one to foster them. She was shallow and silly, full of giggling laughter, a perfect hysop, rumping and noisy, self-conscious and self-assertive—in short, a loud-tongued, shrill-voiced, bawling creature, whom her father regarded with more than aversion, with an absolute abhorrence.

Yet, such as she was, she was Lord Darkwood's heiress. Unless other children should come to him in some marriage yet unaccomplished, this girl was likely to be the future mistress of Dunholm Castle and all its dependencies.

And as the Darkwood title, like certain others, descended in the female line, in default of male heirs, she might be Marchioness of Darkwood in her own right, after her father's death.

As she burst into his presence like a small incarnate whirlwind, the marquis started back in anger and dismay.

But the girl ran forward and threw her arms around his neck, giving him a loud-sounding kiss.

He pushed her from him with a look of disgust.

"Where did you come from, Georgina?" he exclaimed, angrily. "How did you find me? How dared you come to England without my permission?"

The girl bestowed a prolonged stare around her before she cried out, admiringly:

"My! ain't this jolly? Ain't this style? Ain't it perfectly scrumptious?"

She made a little prancing movement backward and forward, regarding attentively her reflection in an opposite mirror.

"Georgina!" cried her father. "Answer my questions, miss. Do you hear me?"

Miss Georgina looked up unconcernedly. Evidently she was used to harshness and not at all sensitive to it.

"Why, yes, I heard you," she answered. "I'm not deaf. 'How did I find you?' Why I saw in the papers that the Marquis of Darkwood was dead and that Captain Fabian Tollish had succeeded to the title and estates. That's how I knew where you were. Where I came from you know as well as I do. From a miserable cheap boarding-house in Malta, where I've been living a year or so since you took me out of an equally miserable snout in Valletta!"

The marquis frowned angrily.

"How dared you come to England without my permission?" he again demanded.

"I dare do a great deal," replied the girl, coolly.

"I haven't been brought up to care much, you know. If I had waited for you to send for me, I should never have come. You never acted very much like a father to me anyhow. But if you're a lord and living in clover, I'm a lord's daughter and I won't live in poverty. I told the people there all my grand-dears that I intend to have, you know, and I brought the old chambermaid Gussippina with me for a maid, in style, you see. She's in the servants' hall, I suppose."

Georgina's perfect coolness and unconcern served to inflame her father's anger.

She tore off her hat and tossed it upon one sofa, and threw her sacque upon another. Both articles would have been disdained by any of the castle servants.

Her hair was frowy—no other word will so well describe its condition—her garments were ill-fitting and threadbare; her boots were broken at the sides, and her drab cotton gloves were mere rags.

"You look like a beggar, Georgina!" ejaculated Lord Darkwood. "You're a pretty figure to come into a room like this."

"Whose fault is it?" retorted the daughter. "I'd wear better clothes if I had them!"

The marquis winced under this reproach.

His life had been one of supreme selfishness. He had married the daughter of a fellow army officer, had dissipated his wife's fortune, and after her death had thrown off all responsibility in regard to his child.

She had grown up in a cheap boarding-house and a cheap school alternately.

He considered that, in paying her bills, he did his entire duty by her, and that in making those bills as small as possible he was doing his duty by himself.

Had this child been pretty, or remarkably intelligent, he would no doubt have treated her differently; but he disliked her and was ashamed of her.

He had never bestowed a thought upon her future or her settlement in life, never considered that there must come a time when, cheap schools and cheap boarding-houses would cease to be proper homes for her.

And now here she was upon his hands, a great coarse, overgrown girl, whose very appearance he conspired to bring disgrace to him.

"You'll have to go back with Gussippina," he exclaimed. "The fly in which you came from the station is gone. You can stay till morning, but you must go then."

"Noh! I know it! How would I look for Lord Darkwood's daughter to live in a boarding-house garret as I've been doing, while Lord Darkwood himself lives in splendour. No, sir. I'm here and I shall stay here! You'll have to put me out by force, and I warn you not to try that. I'd pick up such a rumus," said this terrible young woman, "as to make the name of Darkwood a scandal and a byword to the county!"

The marquis knew that she would keep her word.

And what would the world say if it knew that Lord Darkwood had sent back his daughter and heiress to a second-class boarding-house in Valletta while he resided in luxury and splendour at Dunholm Castle?

Clearly, his design was not feasible. He must make other provision for her.

"You took me so completely by surprise in your coming, Georgina," he said, "that I scarcely know what to say to you. Upon consideration, I will allow you to remain in England. Gussippina must start for Malta to-morrow morning. I suppose you know, Georgina," and his tone was more conciliating, "that you are my heiress. If I should not marry again—which I shall do, I may as well tell you now—you would be Marchioness of Darkwood in your own right. There is, of course, a possibility that you may come into the title and inherit the estates, even if I do marry."

"Well," said Miss Georgina.

"You have been neglected, I own; but I must say in my own justification that I never expected to become Lord Darkwood. I expected to continue in the army as plain Captain Tollish, unless I should be obliged to sell out—as seemed very likely. In such a case, I should have made some provision for you. Now you must be educated, polished, transformed into a lady. You shall have the best instructors; the most assiduous care."

"Ham!" said the young lady. "We'll see about that. I've been my own mistress for long to submit to pastors and masters. I'll have fine clothes, I know that; and a maid to wait upon me, and a horse. If you're a lord, I'm a lady, whatever I'm educated or not!"

"A lady by courtesy," said the marquis, "but no mere title can make you a lady."

"Well, haven't I a title?"

"Yes," replied Lord Darkwood, who had not before given a thought to the subject. "My father was a Charteris, and took the name of his wife, who came of a high family and wise brought him a fortune. I have relinquished my mother's name and taken the name to which my father was born. I am Fabian Charteris, Lord Darkwood. You are Lady Georgina Charteris."

"A very pretty name," declared its owner. "I shall be mistress here until you bring home a new wife. I shan't go to any boarding-school. I can't foot down so to that! I have had a hard time in my life so far; I mean to have a good time henceforth!"

"What an obstinate, pig-headed creature!" exclaimed Lord Darkwood. "You'll have to obey me, Georgina. I am your master, as you will discover, if you attempt to defy me!"

The girl giggled after a silly fashion. She had little awe of her father.

She felt that he had neglected and wronged her, and she was determined to stand up for her rights; therefore, she was to fight for them if necessary.

Yet so shallow was she that she even then, when her best interests were at stake, giggled over his look of anger and annoyance, and regarded the folds of her dress and craned her head sidling, viewing her reflection in the mirror.

"I tell you what I'll do," she remarked. "You can get me a governess. She must come here to live. No more school for me. I shall stay here at Dunholm Castle, and I'll make a row if you attempt to send me away. So that's settled!"

It was settled. No argument could move the girl from her resolve.

Her father's angry demands had no effect upon her.

She was obstinate and pig-headed to the last degree. Threats and promises were alike without avail. She had made her determination, and nothing could move her.

Lord Darkwood found himself vanquished at last.

"You can remain," he said, sullenly. "I will procure a governess for you. I will discuss our arrangements this evening. It is now nearly dinner time, and you are not fit to appear at the table. If you are to remain here, you must conduct yourself properly, and not excite the curiosity and gossip of the servants. Did you bring a box with you?"

"Yes; but this is the best dress I have. You were always stingy with me, you know," said Lady Georgina, caustically.

"You must stay in your room till you can have a decent outfit. Leave off your slugs. Dry and do me credit."

The marquis touched the hand-bell.

A servant, swift and noiseless, appeared.

"My compliments to Mrs. Dover," said his lordship, politely, "and tell her that I request her presence in the drawing-room for a few moments."

The servant withdrew, and, a little later, the housekeeper came in.

She was a gentlewoman, elderly, refined, and intelligent; the widow of a country rector. She wore her hair in gray, soft curls. Her face was kindly and strong-featured. Her dress was of rich black silk, heavily trimmed with ermine, and a small lace cap rested lightly on her head.

She had been for many years an honored inmate of the house.

The late Lord Darkwood had never brought home a wife, and his father had been many years a widower, so that she had been virtually mistress of the castle.

Her administrative abilities were of a high order; she was a strict disciplinarian, as the servants could have testified, yet they all liked her. Under her régime perfect peace and order reigned throughout the sumptuous dwelling.

She was in mourning for her late master, whom she had loved with a mother's tenderness and devotion.

She looked from the new lord, whom she instinctively disliked, to his daughter.

"Mrs. Dover," said the marquis, courteously, "I have told you that I am a widower. This is my daughter and only child—my heiress—Lady Georgina Charteris."

Mrs. Dover bowed, drawing nearer the girl with a look of interest not unmixed with surprise.

"This girl, Lord Darkwood's daughter?"

Why, there were housemaids in the castle who would surpass her in looks and breeding!

"I am happy to welcome you to Dunholm, Lady Georgina," she said, in her gentle voice.

"Well, I'm glad to get home," replied the girl, boisterously. "I've come straight from Malta, travelled day and night, and I'm tired almost to death."

"My daughter's education has been sadly neglected, Mrs. Dover," said his lordship, bluntly. "I have trusted too much to teachers who have proved incompetent. My poor, motherless girl requires a great deal of care and instruction, but we shall make amends for past neglect. I shall find a governess for her as soon as possible. In the meantime, Mrs. Dover, please to do what you can for her. You know what she requires and what is suitable for her. I will give you a cheque in the morning, and you will oblige me by taking the carriage and going to Shrewsbury to order an outfit for her."

Mrs. Dover bowed a silent assent.

"And now," concluded his lordship, "be good enough to assign her suitable rooms and a maid to attend her. She will dine in her own room. She will remain in her apartments until the defects of her wardrobe shall be remedied."

Lady Georgina looked sullen, but acquiesced in this arrangement, as appeared by her silence.

"Will you accompany me to my room, Lady Georgina?" asked Mrs. Dover. "I shall have your rooms prepared as soon as possible, but they will require to be aired and warmed."

"I'll dine with you, then, Mrs. Dover," said Lady Georgina, "since I'm not fit to dine with my father. I am hungry as a hunter, and the sooner I have dinner the better."

Mrs. Dover withdrew with her charge, and the marquis mastered.

"Idiot! that I am not to have sent a trustworthy agent a month ago to remove the girl to a Paris

convent! She is here on my hands, a loutish, silly creature that I hate the very sight of. I'll get a governess for her. I'll send an advertisement to the London newspapers to-morrow."

Lady Georgina dined with Mrs. Dover in the housekeeper's private parlour. The elegance of this apartment surprised the girl.

It was handsomely furnished, and contained book-cases well-filled, a cottage piano, a little work-table, and stands of window-plants all luxuriantly developed.

The Lady Georgina sat down by the bright hearth after dinner and meditated upon the significance of her future toilet. She had just decided in her own mind to order a bright blue *moiré* antique dress, to be trimmed with white lace, for churchwear, and a white hat to wear with it, when a maid appeared, announcing to Mrs. Dover that the Lady Georgina's rooms were ready for occupancy.

"Let me show you upstairs, my dear," said the housekeeper, kindly, feeling a pity for this neglected girl, to whom even nature had been unkind, and giggled. "I hope you will like your rooms. They have a pretty outlook."

The girl regarded the lady superciliously. "Be kind enough to address me by my title," she exclaimed. "I am the Lady Georgina Charteris, Mrs. Dover, if you please."

A faint, amused smile crept about the lady's lips, but she repressed it instantly.

She conducted the girl up the great staircase, with its frequent landings and many niches, adorned with statuary to a wide and stately upper hall, of which many doors upon either side opened.

Passing these doors and turning into a corridor at right angles with the hall, Mrs. Dover led the way to a second hall parallel with the first.

Opening a door at the left, Mrs. Dover ushered the Lady Georgina into a beautiful boudoir upholstered in blue and silver, with wide French windows opening upon the balconies, and overlooking the park and the windings of the Dark River.

A bright fire was burning in the grate, and flowers crowded the vases on the mantelpieces, brackets, and console-table.

"This is delightful!" cried the girl, charmed with the luxurious appointments. "This is my sitting-room, I suppose. Is that my bed-room?"

She hurried into the adjoining room. The bedroom, dressing-room, and bath-room were all alike perfect in their fitting up, and perfect also in the taste that had directed their adorning.

"I shall be happy as a lark here!" declared the Lady Georgina. "I won't have a stuffy, stupid governess to rule over me. I'll tell my father so in the morning. I intend to be my own mistress."

"You are very young, Lady Georgina," said Mrs. Dover. "Young ladies always have instructresses until they come out into society."

"I'll be an exception to the rule. If my father wanted to govern me he should have begun earlier. He has let me run wild till now, and I won't be ruled. So there. Let Guiseppina come up and see my rooms. I want her to carry back a tale that will astonish my Valetta friends."

Old Guiseppina was summoned, and the girl exhibited her rooms, and talked grandly of the wardrobe she was to have.

The old Maltese woman went away the next morning on her return to Valetta.

Directly after she had departed for Shrewsbury Georgina burst into the library, where her father was seated, penning an advertisement, and informed him in forcible language that she would not have a governess.

Lord Darkwood regarded her angrily. "What does this mean?" he cried. "If you refuse to have a governess I'll put you in a French convent, Georgina. You will find that I have authority over you."

"I won't go to a convent!" shrieked the girl, in a passion. "And I won't have a governess. If you'll find a girl not much older than I am, who has been educated, I'll have her for a companion, but I won't be under any one's rule."

The marquise expostulated and threatened, but the girl stood firm.

"I tell you," she said, more calmly, "I'll leave from example, and if you'll find me a pleasant young lady that I'd like, who is not over twenty years old, and who won't put on airs to me, I'll try to enjoy her and learn of her. But I won't have any one who assumes authority over me."

Lord Darkwood and his daughter quarrelled furiously over the matter until the servants gathered in the hall, amazed at the disturbance, and in the end Lady Georgina triumphed.

The marquise wrote his advertisement, as amended and corrected by his daughter, and enclosed it in a letter to Mr. Sutton, whom he requested to attend to it, and to the engagement of a governess.

The same post carried to London a letter to Pietro's brother, enclosing an advertisement penned by the wily Pietro, to appear in several morning

newspapers—an advertisement calling for information of Miss Gwendoline Winter.

The two notices appeared in the same London morning journals two days later.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT was to be done with Gwen?

That was the question which the Myners had set themselves to consider; but it was one by no means easy of solution.

Gwen was insistent in her intention to earn her own living.

She was versed in all fashionable accomplishments; knew thoroughly several languages; was a fine musician; a charming vocalist; and though she was too modest to acknowledge all this, even to herself, she yet felt herself capable of instructing others. She avowed her desire to become a governess.

"Or a companion to an elderly lady," suggested Mrs. Myner, who knew from experience many of the hardships of a governess's life. "Or you might stay with us and give music lessons, dear."

"We will see what can be done," said Mr. Myner. "There is no haste, Marian. Miss Winter can make us a visit, and we will judge what is best to be done, and wait for opportunities. Let us have patience."

And so the matter remained in abeyance.

During the next few days Gwen visited with her old friend, assisted in the school, and arrived at the conclusion that she was not really needed in the house, that the staff of teachers was complete without further addition, and that she must look elsewhere for employment, whatever her kind friends might say to the contrary.

She began to search the advertising columns of the newspapers, selecting several advertisements for governesses, but her application was never rewarded with an answer.

Her friends begged her to continue to be patient, and themselves sought a situation for her. They could find none which they deemed suitable for her.

At the end of a week Gwen received a letter from Mrs. Quillet, in response to one which she had written announcing her safe arrival.

The Lonsmoor housekeeper wrote coldly, and confined herself to the question of events.

She said that young Mr. Orkney had been over to Lonsmoor, and had begged Gwen's address. It being refused to him he had declared that he knew that she had gone to London, and that he was going thither the next day. And in his anger at Mrs. Quillet's refusal to gratify his curiosity he had vowed that he would find Gwendoline Winter if she were in England, if he had to employ a detective to search her out.

"I can't help thinking, Miss Gwen," the housekeeper continued, "that he will find you. He is a bold, bad man. He has set his heart upon you, and means to have you. I am very uneasy. Now, you know, Miss Gwen, that you have no right to the name of Winter; couldn't you exchange it for some other? You will be safer under another name."

Gwen showed the letter to Mrs. Myner.

"I argue with Mrs. Quillet," said her friend, thoughtfully. "You see, dear, if you should get music pupils, or a situation as governess or companion, this Orkney might find you out and bring some sort of scandal upon you. You cannot be troubled with his pursuit. Mrs. Quillet says truly you have no actual right to the name of Winter. Let me give you my own name. I am too poor to make you any other present, little Gwen. When you begin your new life let it be as Miss Marian Myner."

Mr. Myner, on being appealed to, approved this idea, and Gwen thenceforth became Miss Marian Myner, although she was still called Gwen by her two friends.

It was thoughtful of Mrs. Quillet to send your letter under cover to me," remarked Mrs. Myner.

"The Post-office post-master cannot betray your address under the most awful questioning. And wherever you may be, little Gwen, you can send letters to the Quillets under cover to me. Let the old life be out off by a great wall!"

It will have been noticed, that the Lonsmoor housekeeper made no mention of Mr. Clifton's visit to her the day after Gwen's departure.

Yet he had returned to Lonsmoor at the time stated, and had made every effort to discover Gwen's address.

The housekeeper had refused to give it to him. She believed that he loved the girl sincerely, but who had reflected upon the folly of unequal marriages and had decided in her own mind that it would not be right to allow him, the son of a peer, to marry a nameless girl. Such a marriage might result in a double misery. She refused utterly to contribute to such a deplorable result.

"If he means her well," Mrs. Quillet had said to

herself, "I ought not to take advantage of him. His friends won't be angry, and they would have reason to be. Miss Gwen cannot be his wife. And if he means her ill, why she is best kept out of his way. I'll not tell her. He's acted false in going off without a word as he did, and false once false always."

Hardening her heart against the handsome, pleading young fellow, she sent him away, and forebore to tell Gwen that he had returned to Lonsmoor to see her.

In the course of another week Gwen had, through the exertions of her kind friends, obtained two music pupils, both within easy walking distance of Northumberland Terrace.

The money obtained for these lessons sufficed to pay her board, which she insisted upon doing.

The Myners expostulated with her, refusing to receive payment from her, but finally yielded.

The sum she paid assisted materially to lighten the expenses of the establishment, and the Myners lost something of their censorious look.

One morning Gwen went out as usual to give one of her lessons directly after breakfast. She had a long walk before her. The day was lowering and chilly, and she proceeded bravely.

She gave her lesson, finishing in time for her pupil to proceed to her day-school, and then hurried homewards.

She had gone but a little way, and was in the act of putting up her umbrella, when she met Clifton Orkney face to face!

There was no chance of escape.

He had seen and recognised her.

Yet, without a word to her, Gwen hurried on. He turned and walked beside her, his face glowing with his great jubilation.

"If this isn't the strangest thing I ever knew!" he exclaimed. "I have searched everywhere for you, Miss Gwen, and here I stumble upon you in the oddest way. I was just thinking of you. It seems incredible that in this great town, with its millions of inhabitants, that I should meet you at all others in a morning walk."

The girl did not answer. The sight of him had given her an unpleasant shock, and she was thinking now of some plan to escape from him.

"Miss Gwen," continued her visitor, "why don't you speak to me? Do you blame me for my father's enmity of you? Where are you staying in London?"

"Mr. Orkney," said the girl, regarding him now sternly, her proud young face full of haughty aversion, "I am earning my own living. I have left Lonsmoor and its associations for ever. I never want to speak to you again. If you have one spark of manliness you will leave me."

The young man's face flushed.

"Miss Gwen," he exclaimed, "have you never forgiven me for my insult to you that day upon the moor? I have repented it bitterly. I love you, and I offer you honourable marriage. I will work for you, shield you from all cares."

"You have my answer, sir."

"Miss Gwen, why are you so cruel to me? I am prepared to cast off my relations for your sake. I don't blame you for resenting their treatment of you."

"Will you leave me, sir?"

Young Orkney began to look vindictive.

"I suppose you think young Clifton a better match for you?" he sneered. "He is the son of a vicar, while I am the son of a land-bailiff. But let me tell you, Miss Gwen, he never meant to marry you. He assumed himself with you for a few weeks and then went away in search of newer game."

Gwen's eyes flashed fire. Her face, pale as death, shone with her passionate anger.

She was not a weak soul to bear insult without resentment, and she cried out, her voice low but sternly.

"Will you have the goodness to relieve me of your hateful presence?"

"No, I won't," he answered, bluntly. "I am determined to marry you, Miss Gwen. I shall follow you to your home and find where you live. I'll persecute you until you will be glad to marry me. I'll find out if you are teaching, and I'll get you out of your situations. I'll slander you, if you force me to, till no decent roof can be found to shelter you and you will be glad to accept the shelter of my name! I swear I'll do all this. You are to be my wife, you understand, and all your refusals and struggles will not avail you. Even fast conspiracies to help me. See how I met you this morning! You can't escape me now!"

"We'll see if I can't!" said, Gwen, setting her thin lips together. "I don't intend to submit to the little plan you have laid out. I don't intend to be slandered and driven out of a situation and made to marry you. Once more, will you leave me?"

(To be continued.)



[JEANNETTE SHOCKED.]

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

ALPHONSE LORRAINE, a disabled soldier of the first Empire, and his wife Jeannette, kept a lodging-house at No. 16 Rue St—, Paris. They were quiet, honest people, living contentedly in their own sphere, and never troubling themselves with the affairs of their neighbours.

Indeed, beyond a very laudable desire for the credit of their house, and natural anxiety for the punctual payment of their weekly dues, the character, habits or occupation of their neighbours was a matter of little speculation with them. There was but one exception to this general rule of indifference, and she was the object of the best-natured interest in the world.

Marie St. Pierre, the most bewitching little grisette in all Paris, who lived away up in the fourth storey with her Aunt Therese, and who for five long years had every morning passed old Jeannette, sitting in her portress's cabinet, and every evening, returning home from her shop upon the Boulevard, had come smiling back again, and tripped lightly up the great winding staircase—little Marie had grown to be to the good people a daily pride and comfort.

And although there was little acquaintance between them, their intercourse being limited to a kindly greeting and a few indifferent remarks, when Alphonsé sought their little chamber to replenish their little stock of charcoal, or Jeannette came to perform some trifling service for Therese, whose health was very delicate, and who was for weeks together confined to her room—the old veteran and his wife came to look upon her as a sort of grandchild, a rightful protégée, whom, should anything befall, they should be in duty and pleasure bound to protect.

No one at first glance ever called Marie pretty. Her forehead was low, but broad, and the heavy bands of black hair which shaded it, in their glossy, waving brightness, defied all restraint of comb or

ribbon; the nose was slightly retroused, and the mouth far too wide and too strong for beauty; a laughing dimple cleft the well-set little chin, and the full black eyes flashed out merriment and sauciness enough for a whole regiment of eyes, even had they all been eyes of grissettes; they seemed overflowing with real sportiveness.

And yet there were times when the thin, transparent lids shut sadly down over the lustrous orbs, and a soft, lambent fire of feeling played out from beneath the long lashes, and the muscles around the cherry lips, which a moment ago were pointing so saucily upon you, relaxed into an expression of dreamy abstraction and mournfulness.

Any person of quick perception or strong imagination could not fail to see, at such times, that the fragments of some broken dream had risen up from her heart of heart, to check the saucy smile of the mouth and the dancing light of the eyes; and as Marie turned slowly and resolutely to her work, and made her nimble fingers fly faster and faster and more determinedly than before, you dropped a tear for her sadness, and loved her better than ever.

Many people, the heartless and undiscerning, called these ways of Marie's artful and coquettish, and she was content that it should be so.

She had too proud a spirit, she was too well trained in the rough school of life, to desire to make her own experiences the subject of idle comment.

If there were trials and sorrows in her past life, she was brave enough to bear them secretly and in silence.

One morning old Alphonsé entered the little porter's cabinet, where Jeannette sat composedly knitting, with a very rueful countenance.

"What aileth thee, Alphonsé?" said the good wife, cheerfully, yet with a look of concern. "What was Monsieur complaining of, that he detained thee so long in his room this morning?"

"He complained of nothing, Jeannette, as surely

he had no reason to, but he paid me the week's rent, and bade me look about for another lodger, as soon as I pleased, for he should leave to-day."

"And so there is the whole of our first floor empty and bringing us in naught! Well, it's not so bad as it might be, if he has paid his rent; but he might surely have given us longer notice. Nevertheless, we shall soon get a new lodger, doubtless, for our house bears a good name, Alphonsé."

"True, bonne amie, but it is a bad season, now, and Monsieur was a good lodger, and I had fully counted on him for another six months, but he leaves the city to-morrow, it seems."

"Perhaps his going is as sudden to himself as to us, and in that case he is not to blame, you know, Alphonsé."

Just at this instant Marie came tripping down the staircase, and with a nod and a smile to the worthy old couple, passed out upon the street.

"The pretty creature!" said old Alphonsé. "It is a real comfort to see her go glancing by us so like a sunbeam every day. I declare, the first and the second floor, too, might both be empty, and I shouldn't feel it so much as if Marie and the pale delicate aunt and the pretty blush rosebush should give warning to leave some black morning."

"Nor I," said Jeannette; "though it's but right to have an eye to one's bread and butter; yet I'm sure Marie and her little ménage shall never leave us so long as I can persuade her to stay, even if we have to give them their rent."

"Did you never wonder why she don't marry, Jeannette? For my part, when I look at her glossy black hair, and her saucy eyes, and her rich, red lips, and that full, lithe, springing form, I can't for the life of me see how it is that she walks every morning from here to the shop, and back again every evening, without drawing a score of lovers after her. Young men must be changed indeed since I was one of them. But, alas! what is not changed since those days?"

"Mary isn't handsome until you get accustomed to her, Alphonsé. But when you have studied all the lights and shadows of her face, and learned them well, then, indeed, you see true beauty. But she is a discreet child—more so than most girls."

"True enough, Jeannette; only sometimes I think it is not quite well to twine that little rose so daintily among her dark curls; it makes her look too bewitching. For, to my eyes she is downright handsome; and then, and then, what care she takes of that rosebush! It blooms perpetually for her, as I am sure it would for no other human being."

Late that afternoon a stranger rang the bell of No. 16, Rue St—.

Jeannette opened the door, and beheld a tall, youthful-looking, and very handsome man, who desired to know if they had lodgings to let.

Jeannette replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to display the empty rooms; she was more than usually desirous that they might please him, for she saw at once that he was a gentleman, and she liked his appearance vastly.

He was young, yet there was nothing in the brown cheek, the grave, dark eyes, and the slight dash of melancholy that pervaded the whole countenance which could be called boyish; on the contrary, he was eminently self-possessed, and had, probably, seen much of the world; but through all his experiences he had preserved an air of uprightness and nobility of soul, which inspired an involuntary confidence and respect.

In short, in the language of Jeannette, he was an honest man, and though only plain Monsieur, she had no doubt but that he was as much the gentleman as any duke or count among them all.

He gave his name as Antoine Lascelles, and, with very little parleying, engaged the rooms.

For the first week, the new lodger came regularly enough to his apartments; but at the end of that time Jeannette became the witness of a curious little incident, which gave rise to many suspicions in her own mind, and which seemed to introduce a new state of affairs among the lodgers at No. 16. When Alphonsé came in to his tea, she, like a good wife, repeated it all to him.

"I have something strange to tell you, mon ami," she said. "I don't know that I ought to mention it, only that I cannot rest until I know what you say on the subject. It seems so very strange that Marie—I should have suspected any other girl sooner—there must be some explanation; I will not believe her guilty."

"What are you saying, Jeannette?" exclaimed Alphonsé, indignantly. "Marie guilty! of what? Beware how you speak ill of Marie, even to me!"

"I say nothing of her as yet, only this much. To-day, as I came out into the hall from the second floor, I heard Marie's voice just below me upon the staircase, thrilling that pretty song she sings so much

—that provincial ballad—and I leaned over the stair-rail, just to take a look at her pretty face, meaning no harm, I am sure, when what should I see but the door open from M. Lascelles' room; and he coming out into the hall. That was all nothing of itself, of course; only just then Marie stopped short in her song, and, giving a little bit of a scream and turning pale as a ghost, stood looking straight at the stranger.

"I heard him say 'Marie!' and then she put out her hand to him, and they stepped into the shadow of the door, and I could see nothing distinctly, but as they stood with their backs towards me, Marie's hand was upon his shoulder, and his arm around her waist."

"It was only a moment they stood there, and then, glancing cautiously about, she darted through the door and out into the street and I am sure as she left him I saw him raise her hand to his lips. What can it mean, Alphonse?"

"Mean?" said the old veteran, in a low and half-assured voice, for mingled surprise and fear and indignation were struggling within him. "It means that you are a foolish old woman, to be peering out from spy-holes upon young people; as if Marie was a girl to be watched, Jeannette. I am ashamed of you!"

"I was not watching her, Alphonse; at least not spying. I only looked down upon her, just because it does me good to see her fresh, young face and hear her blithe song. If it should prove that she was, after all, no better than the rest of them."

"Hush, Jeannette! I care not what you say. I will not hear Marie slandered."

"I am not slandering her; but, surely, it was strange, her meeting that stranger so familiarly."

"Why, that he was no stranger to her seems evident. Mayhap he was a brother—how do you know to the contrary?—or some old sweetheart turned up again. What do you know about what friends she may have?"

"If he had been a brother, she would not have run away and left him in the way she did; and if he was a proper beau, there would be no occasion for their meeting privately, or by stealth."

"But maybe old Therese doesn't like the youngster, and in that case, who blames them for a little privacy?"

"Oh, Therese could not object to so fine a gentleman as M. Lascelles! He is just worthy of Marie."

"How do you know?" exclaimed the old man, testily. "Therese may have good reasons for not wishing him to visit Marie. We know nothing of him."

"Well, if he is a bad man," responded Jeannette, drily, "I am sure we ought not to wish him to visit our little flower."

"If Marie encourages him, there is no danger but he is a good man enough," was the inconsistent and excited answer. "I only thought Therese might not want the girl to marry; there is a great deal of selfishness in the world. At any rate, we have known Marie for a good girl too long to begin to doubt her now."

"That may be, but there is no harm, nevertheless, in keeping an eye upon them. I should never forgive myself if evil should befall Marie while she lives under the roof."

M. Lascelles had gone out immediately after the little occurrence which Jeannette had so casually witnessed, and for nearly a week he did not return.

One day, while he was still absent, the bell rang, and Jeannette attended the summons. At the door she met a very smart serving-man, bearing in his hand a little bunch of flowers, which he said were for Mademoiselle Marie, and were to be left with the portress until the young lady returned from the Boulevard. Having delivered his message, he bowed very gravely and retired.

Jeannette entered her little cabinet and stood looking meditatively at the flowers. It was scarcely a bouquet which she held in her hand, only a single but delicately beautiful white rose, half-blown, with a spray of crimson fuchsias and a few leaves.

There was nothing in so unpretending a gift to excite any remark; but the servant in handsome livery—who was evidently only a messenger for his master—the fact that he left no message, not even a name, and the faint, unwelcome remembrance of that strange meeting in the hall, all associated themselves in Jeannette's mind and left upon it a very unpleasant impression. Her resolution to watchfulness was strengthened.

That evening, as Marie came in from her daily occupation, she paused an instant at the door of Jeannette's room, and then, with a look of indecision, as if she feared to excite suspicion, she was about to pass on, when the kind old woman called to her:

"Here, Marie, is something which a gentleman left for you to-day."

She watched Marie's face closely while speaking, and thought she detected a slight rising of colour.

"And who might the gentleman have been?" said Marie, with a faint half-laugh, as she advanced to receive the flowers.

"He left no name or message," was the dry response.

Marie looked admiringly at the rose, and as she bowed her head to inhale its fragrance, Jeannette thought her lips rested lightly upon it.

"It is a very simple gift," she said, "but very beautiful—don't you think so, Jeannette?" and then, scarcely waiting for a reply, she walked slowly to her own room.

The next day, and the next, and the next, came the same gift for Marie, varied only by the substitution of some other choice flower for the fuchsia. The white rose was always the same. Marie stopped every night for the little tribute, as if its coming were a settled matter. She made no comments, though Jeannette noticed that there was often a sad, troubled look in her eye and a longing glance toward herself, as if she would fain have disclosed some secret; yet once, when she ventured some slight inquiry in regard to the donor of the flowers, she received only an evasive reply, and the young girl hurried immediately to her own room, as if desirous to avoid remark.

Jeannette noticed, too, that somewhat, contrary to her ideas of propriety, Marie had discarded the accustomed blush rose from her hair, and wore most frequently in its stead the crimson spray from the daily offering.

If, contrasted richly, to be sure, with the glossy blackness of her hair, but to Jeannette's eyes, it was not becoming.

At last one day, nearly a week after the arrival of the first bouquet, Jeannette saw, with increased disapproval, that her beloved protégée came down from her chamber with the white rose trained among the rich waves of her hair; and this time she could scarcely refrain from reminding her of the imprudence of wearing so publicly gifts anonymously bestowed.

The gay, cheerful air which had come back again to Marie, the more than usual loquaciousness of bearing, were by no means pleasing to her, and she expressed to Alphonse, in no measured terms, her conviction that they ought to put her on her guard against the advances of any such questionable gallant as the donor of the flowers seemed to be.

"Her Aunt Therese knows nothing of all this," pursued Jeannette, "and I really cannot quite quiet my conscience for not informing her. She fancies that Marie buys the flowers, for I heard her the other day lecturing her soundly for laying out so many centimes on roses, when she might get a bush and raise them herself; and the little mix answered that she did not want the care of another rose-bush, and that by taking these from the same person every day she bought them cheaper. Such deceptions bode no good to any girl."

That night, shortly after Marie returned from her shop, her Aunt Therese came down from her little attic with a large basket on her arm, and passed out upon the street.

Scarcely had the door closed behind her when Marie entered Jeannette's room, and seating herself at the old woman's feet, lifted her sweet face, all radiant with light and love, yet blushing with pleasure, and said:

"Mother Jeannette, you have always been very kind to me, but I believe I have never before asked a favour of you; but now I have come begging."

"What is it my child?" asked Jeannette, kindly, though striving to look grave. "I shall be happy to oblige you in any proper way."

There was a slight emphasis on the last words which made Marie look up with that sweet, sad look which in her face was always so captivating.

"Have I lived here so long, and you cannot trust me a little way, Jeannette?" she said, softly, half-reproachfully.

The old woman's heart melted at once.

"Yes, dear child, as far as you please; only tell me that your conscience approves all you are doing," and she glanced at the withered rose which was nestling in the soft waves of her hair.

"It does justify me, Mother Jeannette," was the answer, "and so will you one of these days. This is my request: if a gentleman should call to see me to-night while Aunt Therese is absent, will you allow me to entertain him here in your room?"

"Certainly, dear child," was the reply; "and Heaven grant that no evil will come from it."

"There will not," said Marie, and Jeannette admitted M. Antoine Lascelles.

Even while she spoke the bell rang; and Jeannette admitted M. Antoine Lascelles.

"I thought as much," muttered the old woman, half-relieved of her suspicions as she gazed upon the

two frank, youthful faces before her, and taking up her work, she retired to a seat by the window, where she could see the two lovers—for such they evidently were—without listening to their discourse.

After an hour or two had elapsed, she found it convenient to remark:

"I am afraid Therese will be ill, Marie—here she comes staggering under this heavy basket."

And Marie, giving her a grateful look, hastily bade the young gentleman good evening and ran upstairs to her own room; while M. Lascelles retired to his apartments upon the first floor.

M. Lascelles had never taken his meals in his room since he had been lodging at No. 16, neither was he given to entertaining company; and now he seemed less social and more irregular in his habits than ever; sometimes not coming near his apartments for two or three days together.

Jeannette's watchful eye, however, soon made this important observation—namely: that when Marie wore in the morning a white rose in her hair, Therese was sure to have some errand in the city which kept her away from home during the evening, and the little parlour was sure to have tenants during the hours of her absence.

All this seemed very strange to her; but so long as Marie assured her that it could be explained some day to her full satisfaction she was content to ask no questions.

One day, however, Alphonse, who had always stoutly defended Marie, and maintained that there was no harm in a little privacy, if matters were only right at the bottom, came home from his café with a woeful countenance.

"I am afraid," he said, in answer to Jeannette's kindly inquiries, "I am afraid that our poor little Marie is after all deceived, and M. Lascelles, in spite of our flattering opinion of him, nothing more or less than a villain."

"Why, what can you mean, Alphonse?" exclaimed Jeannette, in alarm. "What have you discovered?"

"Sitting under an awning of the café this afternoon, I saw a fine carriage go by, in which, with two ladies splendidly dressed, I saw our lodger, M. Lascelles. At the very first I was jealous for Marie, but then I called myself an old idiot and said, 'they are his relations, probably'; but just then a man near me exclaimed:

"There goes the wealthy M. Lascelles and his affianced bride, Magloire Berthilde; the lady with them is Madame Berthilde, and the young couple are to be married next week."

"How know you that?" said his friend. "I thought Lascelles had sworn never to marry."

"So he has; but this is a match of his father's making—a marriage of convenience—though they say that since it is publicly announced Lascelles seems quite satisfied with it. And well he may be, for she is a splendid creature and the greatest heiress in Paris."

"And the speaker put his arm in that of his friend and they walked down the street together. The villains! I could have shot them both, though I suppose they were not to blame for being the unconscious bearers of bad tidings."

"Poor Marie! What shall we do about her?"

"Why, tell her all this, to be sure, and if she has half the spirit I think she has she will give him his dismissal at once."

"Yes, that is the proper way; but still I am afraid he will injure her if she offends him."

"Let him harm a hair of her head," said the old soldier, stoutly, "and we shall see if there isn't some of the old spirit left in this battered hulk. I'm a poor stick now, I know, but I am strong enough yet to tear him limb from limb who speaks a word against little Marie."

From that time till the hour for Marie's return, Jeannette sat in thoughtful silence.

She decided at last that it was her duty to admonish Marie of her danger, and to insist that the visits of the young gallant should either be made known to her aunt, and so the responsibility removed from her shoulders, or they should be discontinued altogether—which latter course was obviously the true one.

She knew it would be a painful task for her to accomplish, and she thought how badly Marie would feel, thus suddenly to be made aware of her lover's perfidy; but the good soul saw no alternative, and so it was with a tear in her eye that she rose to admit the pretty grisette.

"Oh, Mother Jeannette!" was Marie's first exclamation, "I am so happy; Heaven forgive me," she added, crossing herself, "but do let me come into your room and tell you all about it."

Jeannette, half-hoping, half-wondering, led the way into the little back parlour.

"I hope your good news may balance some less pleasant intelligence which I could relate," she said.

"What is it?" exclaimed Marie, with an air of concern. "My aunt is not ill?"

"No, child; but let me hear your good news first."

"Well, it is all about Antoine—M. Lascelles, I mean. His father,—he was a very old man, and a very bad man, too—died to-day, and now Antoine has not got to marry that odious Magloire; and—"

"And he will marry you instead, my child?"

"Yes," she replied, with a beautiful blush. "and is he not noble and good? Congratulate me, Mother Jeannette."

"I wish you joy with all my heart, my dear. It was of this engagement to Mademoiselle Berthilde which I heard to-day, and I wish you joy of its rupture. But now may I not hear something about this new love of thine, Marie?"

"That you shall, Mother Jeannette, for you have been a good friend to me and deserve the reward. And here comes Alphonse to share it with you;" and welcoming the old veteran to a seat by her side, with a smile and a blush, she commenced her story.

"I was born and reared in a pretty village upon the banks of the Rhone, and there I lived until five years since, when I came to Paris. The mother of Antoine Lascelles was an old companion and playmate of my mother, and a young lady of surpassing beauty. When she was sixteen, M. Lascelles, then a man of forty, was visiting at a neighboring chateau, and seeing Mariette, fell in love with and married her; a strange thing for one like him to do; but he was perfectly infatuated, and she was a good girl, and he could gain her by no other means. Well, she came to Paris to live with him, and here Antoine was born; but while he was yet a baby M. Lascelles grew tired of his pretty wife, and treated her so badly that after a few years she left him and returned to her old home with her son.

"I was a child then, and thus from infancy Antoine and I grew up to love one another. M. Lascelles made no attempt to reclaim his wife, and in a few years she died broken-hearted. Her husband was now an old man, and as he had no other heir, save a nephew whom he hated, he came down to our little village and claimed his motherless child, bringing him to Paris when he was a lad of seventeen.

"That same autumn my parents died, and Aunt Therese and I came to the city to live. I tried to gain some knowledge of Antoine, for I had not a doubt but he was true to me, but I could only learn that he had been sent to a university in Germany to complete his education and that he was to wait a year or two after that before returning to Paris. Meantime I could hear nothing from him, for he was not allowed to write to any of his old friends. Oh, how many, many times in those long five years has my heart ached to know something of his fate and whether he was still true to our childish vows.

"A few months since he returned and, without his father's knowledge, visited the old home. There he learned that I was in Paris, and he commenced searching for me. He saw me at last, but, afraid lest I might be unfaithful, he preferred to watch me for a little while and ascertain something of my habits. He traced me to this house and, learning from the gentleman who occupied his room before he came, and who was a friend of his, that your first floor was to be vacated, he rented it for the express purpose of learning something of me—of being sometimes under the same roof with me.

"He had been here a week when, as I was coming down the staircase, he heard me singing an old song which he had taught me, and, unable longer to refrain from declaring himself, he opened the door and called me. You can imagine how happy I was to meet him after that long, long separation. But there were still obstacles in the way of our happiness. Aunt Therese never liked him, and if she had discovered his visits to me she would not have scrupled at informing his father, and the result would have been that he would have been compelled immediately to marry the bride whom his father had selected for him and there would have been an end of all our dreams.

"But, thanks to your friendship," she said, with a smile made eloquent by a tear, "our secret was kept inviolate, and now all obstacles save those of Aunt Therese's imposing, are removed; and I cannot but think that when she sees the fine house which is in readiness for me, and the beautiful room which he is going to prepare expressly for her comfort, even her heart will be melted, and she will cease to oppose me."

"She had scarcely stopped speaking, and received the kisses and congratulations of her old friends, when the door opened and Antoine entered. And Aunt Therese being sent for, she listened, with wondering eyes, to the story of the young couple; and at its close was obliged to add her blessings to those of Alphonse and his wife.

ALIVE AND DEAD.
It is strange how much better and greater the world finds people out to be after they are dead. It would be almost worth while to die if one could but come back and read one's obituary notice and the epitaph on one's tombstone, and hear how kindly people speak of one's failings, and how they exaggerate one's virtues.

A public man, who has been abused all through his life, is exalted to saintship immediately on his decease; and a brilliant man gets his due from other men; and a pretty woman gets hers even from other pretty women, when she lies at rest at last, with the immortelles upon her bosom. Every and all uncharitableness are at an end.

You see, there is no longer any competition. The lips are dumb, the eyes closed; they cannot win admiration or love any longer. Those who repeated only words of detraction, and sneered and stung while life lasted, now say the things they kept back last they should give a little happiness in this world, where there is so small a quantity given out to each human being that every nip is precious.

That is one reason why the dead are fairer and better than the living. Another reason is, the half-superstitious fear the living have of the dead, that would make some people praise Beelzebub himself were he happily to expire. And, besides, there comes with death's inevitable blotting out, a softened feeling, a wish to forgive, a remorse for old cruelties. People are so horribly cruel to each other—nice, genteel people, who stick sharp words into the heart, instead of sharp knives, and use snubs instead of clubs for weapons. And they think they would not be so if they could blow life's candle slight again when it is once put out; and they apologize to the masses for the hurts of the mean.

Of course, one is glad to know that there is even that bit of good in the world; but how much better it would be to be kind to the living; to utter praises while the yearning heart can understand them; and give your kisses to warm. Tying lips that can return them, not to those that lie beneath them frozen and unmoved. Love and charity for the dead, by all means. It is well to blot out their faults from your memory. Magnify their virtues and applaud their good deeds, but remember also the living, and the need they have of love and appreciation. M. K. D.

FACTIE.

QUESTION!

Is drinking tea a Bohemian habit?
Is it wrong for a gipsy bride to be fond of her Grooms?

Is colour-mixing a palatable occupation?
Would Sir Wilfrid Lawson consider power pots as imperial public measures?

There are sins of commission and sins of omission. Is the purchase of the Suez Canal one of the former?

Ought Mr. Holmes's statements about the militia to be accepted as militia exaggerations?

Is it lawful for the Dublin Hackney Carriage Licensing Office to keep Carliats?—Fun.

NOT AGAIN.
"Will you take a pinch?" asked an acquaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fishmonger.

"No, I thank you," replied the latter; I have just had one from a lobster.

HORACE WALPOLE said this was the worst, that is the best, bull he ever read: "I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at a person who had been his nurse. "I hate her, for when I was a child she changed me at nurse." This was, indeed, a perplexing assertion; but we have a similar instance recorded in the autobiography of an Irishman, who gravely informs us that he "ran away early in life from his father on discovering he was only his uncle."

"No, George," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a train but," she added, musically, "sometimes she might have to run a little."

WHEN is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it is wrong for dinner.

A COLOURED aeronader down in Georgia warbles the following:—

"Do last time that I saw my love,
See was standing in the door,
With shoes and stockings in her hand,
And her feet all over the floor."

WHY don't Sweden have to send abroad for cattle? Because she keeps her Stockholm.

THE USEFUL VALENTINE.—In old times a valentine was regarded, not so much as possessing great value in itself, but rather to be prized for what it represented. This sort of vicarious value has passed away, and valentines are now of all kinds. One

sort, which obtains a large part of the public favour, is the useful valentine, which may consist of anything from a dozen of kid gloves to a toothpick. Why, a person sent his sweetheart a ton of quails and three Dutch cheeses as a valentine—but it must be admitted that this was an exceptional case.—Judy.

"MATTER-OF-FACT."

I ought to have flourished some courtesies sooner, but I have not time to do so now.

For, oh, I lament that our chivalry's dead—So much so that people declare I'm a monster, a monster, a monster, and now you know And even have hinted I'm wrong in my head.

At school, I was never considered a wonder. My spelling was vague and my writing was queer.

My grammar, disapproved by many a blunder, Through studying valiant King Arthur, A legend and a dream, I was becoming.

And nothing but romance had chance to attract. Said father, "You'd better attend to your meaning."

My father was dreadfully "matter-of-fact."—Judy.

Federal visions of my youthful mind filling. Though reading Blondel—of famous report—

Met thought I would scribble some roundelay, a thrilling—A series of songs of the Troubadour sort.

I warbled of knights who in tournaments figured, Displaying (I fancied) remarkable tact.

Then showed them to Jenkins, who viciously sniggered; But Jenkins is a willy "matter-of-fact."

In wooing, though earnest, I scarcely succeeded, Stern Fate quickly severed the true lover's knot.

I madly adored her, and fervently pleaded With fanciful pictures of love in an eol. But though I made mention of rose-covered bowers,

Like Melancton (a role I could splendidly act), She answered, "Angustas, we can't live on flowers."

Now wasn't she cruelly "matter-of-fact."—Fun.

FOR WHEEL OR WIFE.
GUSHING IDIOT: "How sublime this rinking is! By Jove, I could rink with you as partner through life—could you?"

YOUNG LADY: "Well, I don't know; you see it all depends on your rinkome!"—Fun.

MAD BUT NOT RID.—It is announced on good authority, the war being now over, Queen Isabella will be invited to return to Madrid. Unhappy Spain! No sooner does she stamp out Bella, horrida Bella! than "Bella, horrida Bella, turns up."—Fun.

FAMILY WALKED OFF HIS FEET.—Mrs. Malaprop writes to sympathize with poor Payson Weston on his great walking feat having come off! She doesn't wonder at it considering the awful amount of work they have had!—Punch.

It will hardly be necessary to tell the name of the facetious party who went into a village general shop the other day, and was observed to be looking about, when the proprietor remarked to him that they didn't keep whisky. "It would save you a good many steps if you did," was the quick reply.

ABOUT THOSE BOOTS.
"Who dares this pair of boots displace, Must meet Bombastus face to face."

Recalling an old laugh the other day, and trying to remember what caused it, we bethought ourselves of an adventure that poor B—— (dead now) was very fond of relating in years past. It occurred on board the "Lexington," on her passage from New York to Providence.

The hero was a Vermont lad of twenty-five, sharp in a horse trade, but very verdant in everything else, who had just sold a string of nags in New York, and

was now working round home via Providence and Boston.

He "turned in" pretty early, and "turned out" again about sunrise next morning, with the idea of "going upstairs," as he called it. Soon after he had put on his coat and hat, the passengers were astonished by a hideous outcry from "Vermount."

"What's the matter?" said a quizzical looking gentleman in green glasses.

"Matter?—matter enough, I reckon!" said Yankee.

"Here's some outrageous individual has gone and stolen my brand new cowhide boots; cost me twenty-two York shillings, and left me these 'ere slippers, made out of 'yaller dogskin, not worth a cent!"

"Hush," said the man with the green glasses; "don't speak so loud. It's a common occurrence on board this boat. Some of the niggers must have done it. Did you never notice that all the steamboat niggers go well shod?"

"Walk I have, old boss!—and that accounts for it, hey? Speak!—speak out?—it does account for it, hey?"

"Hush!—yes, it does."

"Well, I'll boiler cap'n, and get the boat stopped till I find my boots—cost twenty-two shillin's, York—I will, by grave."

"No, no! don't make a row. If you do, they'll throw 'em overboard. No, no! you watch the niggers, and when you find the delinquent, take him to the captain's office and make him settle."

"I'll settle him! I ain't going to throw away a pair of twenty-two shillin' boots, no how."

It afforded much amusement to the men in glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in yellow slippers, dogging every darkey and examining his feet.

After a weary search, he came to his tormentor, and said:

"I'm goin' upstairs to pinate around there, and see if I can trail 'em."

So up he went, and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread and snarl of his slippers all over the deck.

By-and-by he came down again, just as a shiny African, with a pair of polished boots in his hand, went towards the Yankee's berth. Just as he was drawing the curtain to peep in, Vermont lit on him. He saw a fierce cut, seized him by the scruff of the neck and yelling:

"I've catched you, you double-distilled essence of Day and Martin boiled down to the spirit of darkness and mixed up with the hyperphosphate of recalcitancy! After my wallet, was you? Come along with me!"

"Let me go," said the indignant darkey, struggling to get free from the iron grasp of his antagonist.

"Not as you knows on, you rambunctious old wool grower!" said the indignant Yankee. "I have handled severer colts than you be."

And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Bringing the culprit before the captain, he told his story, and agreed to abide his decision.

Of course an explanation followed, with a verdict for the defender, and the plaintiff sentenced to pay ninnepence to the injured African.

"Sold, by maple!" said Vermont. "Here, nigger, here's a quarter, and give me the boots; but if I can catch that chap with the green goggles, pickle me if I don't leave him in the Sound!"

It is needless to say that while the boots were only half on, the gentleman with the green glasses disappeared, and was the first man to make himself scarce when the boat touched the wharf.

M. PATIN, the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, has died in his eighty-third year, after a long illness. He was chiefly known by his translation of the Greek tragedies and his learned commentaries thereon. "He had only one failing," says the *Liberté*, "and that was, that although a member of the French Academy, he did not know French."

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT KADIKENI.—Archaeological discovery on a small scale is proceeding actively at Kadikeni. Men, women, and children turn out day after day on to the beach under the cliffs of Momena Bay, where for some time past a large number of ancient coins, mostly Roman, have been discovered among the pebbles. As many as thirty have been picked up by one explorer in the course of a few hours. A few leather ornaments, such as brooches, lockets, rings, etc., have also been found. It is uncertain whether these interesting objects were thrown up from the sea during the heavy southerly gales of December last or have been washed down from the hill-side by the rains. Most of the coins are of copper, but a gold one is stated to have been discovered; it is suggested that Dr. Schliemann, who

is reported to have failed in his recent negotiations for the resumption of his excavations at Troy, might perhaps find it worth his while to "dig away" the hill of Chalcedon, in which many valuable relics of antiquity are undoubtedly buried. On the other hand, it must be remembered that this "digging away" of hills in search of valuable relics of antiquity may be carried beyond reasonable limits. There are the landscape painters to be considered as well as the archaeologists, and many persons, with every respect for ancient relics, infinitely prefer natural scenery.

A BRO TELEGRAM.—As soon as the official "Gazette" of Vienna published the authentic text of the Addressing Note, the Khedive requested that it might be telegraphed to him. The despatch sent to Cairo via Malta, giving the note in extenso, consisted of 2,818 words—the cost of the whole, at 77 kreutzers a word, being 4,898 florins, or about 490*l*.

PASSING AWAY.

His little lamp of life had glowed

So brightly for a fleeting space.

That when the morning came and showed

The pallor on his pallid face,

We thought it but the grayness shed

By the deep snow that fell without;

But a woe unto that soon o'erspread

His fading lips dissolved our doubt.

He made a sign, we raised him high,

Through the dull panes he cast his glance;

It seemed to please his sunken eye

To see the snowflakes whirl and dance.

"What jolly times for girl and boy

With sleds and skates!" he muttered low;

"Oh, for an hour of health and joy—

For one more romp amid the snow!"

"In fancy I can see them still,

On flashing skates and runners bright,

Across the pond and down the hill,

Swift as the swallows in their flight.

And how the merry snowballs fly

From rank to rank in mimic fray!

I wonder if among them I

Receive a single thought to-day.

"But why should they my sadness know?

I was as thoughtless once as they;

And fairer seems just now the snow

Than when I dashed through it in play.

It falls so lightly from the clouds;

It seems to grow from out the air,

And hangs the hedge with fairy threads

That softly hint of death and prayer.

"Lift me a little higher, please.

There I am better so to pass

Than when the buds are on the trees

And wild flowers twinkle in the grass;

For a sweet will the waking come

Out of the snow sleep, deep and dry,

To find at last a pleasant home

Among the flowers that never die."

We laid him gently down again,

We gathered round the little bed,

Nor marked one look of fear or pain

Upon the pallid features spread.

So softly did he fall at last,

As though a bird had taken wing.

It scarcely seemed the soul had passed

From winter's blight to bloom of spring.

N. D. U.

GEMS.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation.

TRUTH, it may be supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition, is ridicule.

COURT that day lost whose low descending sun

Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

AGE.—Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins

toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen

washes whitest. Old soldiers are surest, and old loved

soudest.

STATISTICS.

ARMY RETURN OF THE HEIGHTS OF OFFICERS AND MEN.—In the general annual return of the British army for 1874, just printed, is a table showing the heights of the non-commissioned officers and men on the 1st of January, 1875, from which it ap-

pears that on that date there were out of 178,276, soldiers 11,475 under five feet five inches, 23,756 five feet five inches to five feet six inches, 85,894 five feet six inches to five feet seven inches, 86,166 five feet seven inches to five feet eight inches, 23,998 five feet eight inches to five feet nine inches, 19,375 five feet nine inches to five feet ten inches, 11,214 five feet ten inches to five feet eleven inches, 5,814 five feet eleven inches to six feet, and 2,905 six feet and upwards, 1,676 were returned as "not reported." Of those "six feet and upwards," 719 belonged to the Household Cavalry, 180 to the cavalry of the Line, 870 to the Royal Artillery, 106 to the Royal Engineers, 463 to the Foot Guards, 1,389 to the infantry of the Line, 63 to Colonial Corp, 31 to Army Service Corps, and 51 to Army Hospital Corps. The proportion of six feet and upwards men per 1,000 was 22, and of those under five feet five inches 65 per 1,000. These inequalities of stature in our soldiers may be taken perhaps to illustrate Mr. Carlyle's definition of heroism—"the divine relation which in all times unites a great man to other men."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

To clean coloured leather, use 1 oz. of calc. acid dissolved in 1 pint distilled water.

BATHE weak eyes before retiring at night with a little sugar dissolved in warm water.

SUBSTITUTES FOR SPICES.—The Walsingham Board of Guardians have for some years past ceased to administer stimulants in their workhouses, and the guardians of St George's, Harver Square, have just had a discussion on the advisability of adopting a similar course. Milk and eggs are given instead of stimulants, at an extra cost of about 28*l*. a year, and 100*l*. are saved annually. The inmates of the workhouse are said to have liked the change, and to be better in health since it has been adopted. There is no doubt that much mischief has been done by the amount of stimulants taken under medical direction, and it might be advisable that the guardians of St. George's should try the plan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE death is announced from Amsterdam of Dr. Heye, the most popular poet of Holland.

THE Prince of Wales has sent to Cambridge University Botanical Gardens a large collection of rare Indian orchids.

THERE were 10,585 marriage-licenses issued in England in the year ended the 31st of March last. The duty realized was 5,427*l*.

IT is said that Don Carlos owes 1,000,000*l*. in England, while he has, on the other hand, inherited about 8,000,000*l*. from the Duke of Modena.

THE number of men received into the military prisons for desertion increased in 1874 from 1,730 to 1,926.

A JUBILEE, to be held in honour of Rubens, at Antwerp, is announced for the triennial anniversary of the great painter's birth, 1877.

THE discovery of another small planet in America, has raised the known number of these bodies to 160.

IT is reported that the leading railway companies have combined to increase tourist fares by about 10 per cent.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, it is stated, will be absent for several months on a foreign tour. His Royal Highness goes, in the first instance, to the South of France. The Prince has arrived in Paris.

A NEW Channel station, in connection with South-Eastern Railway, whereby it is expected the passage between London and Paris will be reduced to eight hours, was recently opened at Folkestone, with some ceremony.

THE Emperor of Austria has conferred the Knight's Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, combined with the title of "baron," upon Maurus Jokai, the well known Hungarian author, in recognition of his merits in raising the character of Hungarian literature.

THE Prince of Wales is expected to reach England about the second week in April. At the present moment it is not known whether Dover or Portsmouth will be selected for landing, and on that doubt both places are making preparations to give a grand welcome home to the Prince.

THE residence of the Earl of Egmont, at Banstead, was entered by thieves between eight and nine o'clock on Monday evening, and 4,000*l*. worth of jewellery stolen from the countess's bedroom. Detectives from Scotland Yard are engaged making inquiries.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. E.—Gentlemen do not generally wear "engagement rings."

A. B. C.—We will not answer a question when we know that it is to decide a wager.

LENA will be able to procure the preparation at most of the largest perfumers and hair-dressers in London.

EL H.—It is always the part of a lady to bow first on meeting a gentleman of her acquaintance.

C.—Heat causes all bodies to increase in size. A bar of iron is larger when hot than when cold.

E. F.—Venus is called the morning star when she appears in the east before daybreak, and the evening star when she appears in the west after sunset.

M. M.—Write a pretty letter to the young man you foolishly offended, and he will soon be at your side again.

S. T. B.—The clove is the unexpanded flower-bud of an East Indian tree, somewhat resembling the laurel in its height, and in the shape of its leaves.

C. F.—Pagans are those who, instead of worshipping the true God, pray to the sun or moon, or believe in a plurality of gods and worship images.

G. G.—A gentleman before marriage may, with propriety, correspond by letter with his lady friends; but unless the latter are relatives, the less of that kind of scribbling he indulges in the better.

H. L.—A woman never compromises her dignity by apologising for an error. Having given your lover just cause of offence, it is your duty to win him back by a conciliatory demeanour.

J. D.—The signs of the Zodiac are twelve groups of stars which have been called by different names and which lie within the zodiac. The Milky Way consists of an immense number of stars.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.—Any person, whether acting as steward, clerk or otherwise, who does any act of dishonesty is liable to be punished in proportion to the illegality of the crime committed.

W. R.—We have no faith in astrology and hope that our correspondent will not allow himself to be misled by any persons pretending to practice the falsely called sciences.

C. B.—You should obtain an introduction to the young lady through the medium of some mutual friend. You cannot, with any degree of propriety, introduce yourself.

L. C.—Chemists sell a red lip-salve, which gives that "beautiful scarlet" you inquire about. Painting the lips, we are sorry to say, is now a common practice with both sexes. The mineral commonly sold for the purpose is a deadly poison.

DELIA will do well to exercise a little more patience and forbearance, and no doubt the young man will see the error of being flirty with the affections of one he has chosen with a view to make an honourable promise to.

CURTIS.—You do not hear the thunder as soon as you perceive the lightning, because sound moves only at the rate of 1,120 feet in a second, but light travels with inconceivable rapidity. A ray of light is seven minutes and a half in reaching the earth from the sun.

MARTALINA.—All depilatories, if effective, are injurious: they all contain quicklime and a preparation of arsenic, so that if employed in sufficient quantities to remove the hair they will most likely remove the skin also.

J. O.—There are no circumstances that would justify a young lady in accepting an invitation to a bachelor's evening party. What kind of society have you been mingling in, that you seem to be so utterly insensible of what is due to a lady's sex, position and reputation?

N. B.—There is no legal, but there is a moral compulsion for a father to support his son until he is able to support himself. It is the duty of a father to overlook the faults of his own offspring, to correct them if he can, but not to leave him unloved, unheeded and uncared for, to his evil ways.

J. S.—Clouds are masses of watery vapour which float in the air, from one to four miles high. They differ from fogs only by their height and less degree of transparency. The cause of the latter circumstance is the thinness of the atmosphere in its higher regions, where the particles of vapour become condensed.

E. G. EGGS.—There is a difference of opinion among poultry-risers as to which are the best varieties, some preferring one and some another. As egg-producers Leghorns or black Spanish are as good as any, and better than most varieties. A good table fowl is produced by a cross formed with Brahma hens and a Dorking cock.

Brahmas are also good layers, producing very large eggs. Corn is the principal food, but should be alternated with wheat screenings, oats and buckwheat. During the winter, when no worms or insects are to be had, beef or pork scraps, or a sheep's pluck occasionally, are very good.

A. M.—You have certainly made partial amends to your kind relative by confessing your faults and expressing contrition for them. You ask us to suggest a remedy for an ill-temper? Exercise self-command; do not yield to those evil feelings for the expression of which you afterwards weep (in your own language) "such bitter-bitter tears."

M.—Cannon was first made use of in 1336 or 1338, but Don Antonio de Campaña has produced some statements, which, if correct, would have us believe that the Moors in Spain used cannon in 1312. Cannon was certainly used by the English at the siege of Calais in 1347, and by the Venetians at Chioggia in 1380. The Ottomans employed them in the siege of Constantinople in 1534. The word cannon is derived from the French word *canna*, a reed.

G. K.—How to win a husband is one of the few secrets which women keep to themselves. We are not in it, but we do not sympathise with you in your horror of being an old maid. Some old maids are excellent persons. Just think how much better to be an old maid than one of the unhappy married women whose letters we publish! Many husbands who write to us wish their wives were old maids, and many wives who write to us wish that they had never been married. Be content with your lot—if you do not have an offer!

A. CONSTANT READER.—If our correspondent has any regard for her health she will avoid the use of any wash or cosmetic; it is always dangerous to remove eruptions from the skin by what is popularly called driving them in; in most instances they are merely an evidence that nature is endeavouring to relieve herself of some morbid secretion by which she is oppressed, and in such a case, temperance, exercise and a dose of wholesome physic, will be the best cosmetics, not perhaps to render the skin white, for a white skin generally indicates disease or weakness, but to cause it to be clean and healthy.

SCARCE MORE THAN YESTERDAY.
It scarce seems more than yesterday
Since we, two merry children, played
Or talked, in childish confidence,
Of plans for all the future laid.

Since from the old foot-bridge we threw
Our lines into the shallow brook;
Lines made of soiled and knotted string,
A crooked pin the only hook.

Or, resting on the grassy bank,
You talked, in trustful boyish way,
Of that which, when a man, you'd do,
Wishing the time less distant lay.

SCARCE MORE THAN YESTERDAY.
Those buds of childish hope, so sweet,
Opening to fair fulfilments, lie
In rich profusion at your feet.

But down the misty slope of years,
Those far-off days come back to me
Like yesterday, when upon I held
Your laughing boy as you my knee.

M. W. M.

M. G. and J. M. would like to correspond with two respectable young men. M. G. is thirty, medium height, brown hair. J. M. is eighteen, medium height, light hair and eyes; both are of loving dispositions; respondents must be fond of home and good tempered.

T. S. J., thirty, has good home and position in the country and 500l. a year, would like to correspond with a tall, stout, dark lady about twenty-five, fond of dancing and music.

ELLER, eighteen, tall, brown hair and blue eyes, of a very loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man, about twenty and good looking, with a view to matrimony.

FRED, twenty-three, tall, a civil engineer by profession, wishes to correspond with a tall, pretty, and affectionate young lady.

MARY, HARRIETT and ROSE wish to correspond with three young gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Mary is tall, blue eyes, dark hair, fond of home, very domesticated. Harriett is dark, gray eyes, would make a good working wife, fond of home, and would like a sailor. Rose has blue eyes, golden hair, considered good looking, very fond of home, and would prefer a young gentleman under government.

SAUCY BEAT, twenty-one, tall, curly hair, blue eyes, considered handsome, and is a member of the Church of England, would like to correspond with a young lady from twenty to twenty-five; respondent must be tall, musical, handsome, and fond of home; a little money preferred.

LOVELY KATE, twenty, having lived with her parents nearly all her life, thinks it time to settle in a home of her own, wishes to correspond with a young man between twenty-five and thirty; a respectable tradesman or mechanic preferred. She is of medium height, dark hair and eyes, and would make a good wife to a loving husband.

T. A., twenty-six, medium height, blue eyes, good looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, with a view to matrimony; respondent must be good looking, dark complexion, and thoroughly domesticated.

MAGGIE, twenty-five, medium height, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a thoroughly domesticated young lady about nineteen, with a view to matrimony.

THOMAS M., twenty-four, medium height, good looking, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-two, with a view to matrimony.

SALLY, twenty-four, medium height, dark, considered

good looking, would like to correspond with a good looking young gentleman.

ELLEN, twenty-three, medium height, dark, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a respectable and thoroughly domesticated young lady about eighteen, with a view to matrimony.

ROM, twenty-five, medium height, dark, considered good looking, loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a tall, fair-complexioned young lady about nineteen, with a view to matrimony.

K. K., twenty-one, medium height, considered handsome, fond of home and thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman; respondent must be about twenty-five, good looking, and fond of home.

HAROLD, eighteen, rather tall, would like to correspond with a young lady about his own age.

J. A. F., twenty, tall and dark, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man; she would make a good wife and a comfortable home.

HUGH-ETD NELL, fair and ladylike in appearance, has no fortune, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman.

WILLIAM, a tradesman's daughter, tall, slender and ladylike in appearance, dark complexion, would like to correspond with a young man in the Royal Navy.

G. F. P., nineteen, medium height, fair, in good position, loving and cheerful, wishes to correspond with graceful and well educated young lady not over twenty-one.

AGUSTUS, medium height, rather dark, expressive blue eyes, affectionate and kind of home, wished to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony; respondent must be dark, pretty, with fascinating manners and musical.

GRENUDE, twenty, dark hair and eyes, considered very pretty, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-one, holding a good position.

KATE, nineteen, dark hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a respectable young man in the army; a Life Guardsman preferred.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:
J. F. E. M. is responded to by—Nelly, nineteen, fair, medium height, loving and domesticated.

J. A. by—Ada, nineteen, medium height, dark, loving disposition and thoroughly domesticated.

KATE A. by—F. P.

MAY by—George, twenty-one, fair, rather good looking, in a good position.

ANNE by—Frank B., twenty-five, tall and fair.

HILDA by—Harry A., twenty-five, tall and fair.

ANNE and GRACE by—George and Fred, both nineteen, and clerks.

HECTOR by—Susan W., has 200l. a year in her own right, and thinks she is all he requires.

GEORGE by—J. K. L., medium height, fair complexion, good looking, of a loving disposition, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

LOVELY KATE, thirty-two, medium height, dark hair and eyes, by—Lonely Caroline, twenty-seven, fair, good tempered, domesticated, and fond of home; and by—Ida, thirty-two, rather tall and dark, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home, and would make a good wife.

W. by—Milly S., blue eyes, rather tall, of a loving disposition, and well educated.

CRYPTOGRAPH by—Loving Polly, nineteen, rather short, dark eyes and hair, of a loving disposition, and very fond of home.

WILLIAM by—Marian, medium height, dark, considered rather good looking, and thinks she is all he requires.

MAIR BEACE by—Lonely Annie, twenty-one, medium height, blue eyes, fair, good tempered, fond of home and children, and would make a loving wife.

BEACE by—Harry B., twenty-five, medium height, brown hair and eyes, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

ROSE OF THE DAY by—Amy F., dark eyes and hair, of a loving disposition and fond of home.

H. V. by—E. T., medium height, light hair and a tradesman's assistant. Would like to know H. V.'s age.

ANNE by—A. C., thirty-two, medium height, dark complexion, thoroughly domesticated and would make a loving wife.

GEORGE B. by—Nellie, medium height, dark eyes and hair and of a loving disposition.

MARIE by—John James, who thinks she is all he requires.

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